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THE FREEMAN

A NATIONAL COLORED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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HON. J. T. SETTLE.

AN EMINENT COLORED BARRISTER.

Hon. Josiah T. Settle, of Memphis, Tennessee, Lawyer, Orator and Scholar.---The Career and Achievements of a Remarkable Man---Points in His Personal History.

The subject of this sketch was born upon the mountains of East Tennessee, Sept. 3', 1850, while his parents were "in transitu" from North Carolina to Mississippi. In 1856 he was carried to Ohio and located at Hamilton where he attended the public schools until 1866, when he was sent to Oberlin, where he prepared and entered college in 1868. He was one of the three or four colored boys in a class numbering forty-five or fifty. Yet he was chosen as one of the eight orators to represent his class when they entered college; an honor much coveted by all students.

Mr. Settle completed his Freshman year and entered the Sophomore class at Oberlin. In 1869, having lost his father, who had indeed been a father in the broadest sense of the word, he left Oberlin, went to Washington City, and entered the Sophomore class of Howard University, where he pursued his college studies and taught in the preparatory department.

He graduated from the college department of Howard University in 1872, together with Jas. M. Gregory and A. C. O'Hear. During a portion of his college course Mr. Settle was clerk in the Educational Division of the "Freedmens' Bureau." In the latter portion of his senior year he was elected "Reading Clerk" of the House of Delegates (the District of Columbia then being under a territorial form of Government) and at the time of his graduation was performing his duties as Reading Clerk of the Legislature, teaching a class in Latin and one in mathematics daily at University and pursuing his own studies at the same time.

Immediately upon his graduation from college he entered the Law department of the same institution.

He took an active part in District politics, and held many positions of honor and profit.

He was clerk in the Board of Public Works under Gov. A. R. Shepherd, with whom he was a favorite and for whom he still has the most profound regard. He continued in the Board until its expiration. He was then appointed accountant in the Board of Audit, a Board consisting of the 1st and 2d Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, to adjust the indebtedness of the late Board of Public Works, he continued in this capacity until the Board had completed its work and expired by act of Congress.

He was also Trustee of the County Schools of the District of Columbia, serving in that capacity several years. During the presidential campaign of 1872 he canvassed several counties of Maryland and Virginia, where his youth and brilliancy created considerable attention; he also made speeches in Ohio, speaking at Hamilton, Dayton, Cleveland and other places.

Upon his graduation from the Law department he was selected as one of the orators to represent his class. He was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, but having determined to make the practice of his chosen profession his life's work, he left the District of Columbia in the spring of 1875 and located in North Mississippi where he at once engaged in the pactice of law. He returned the same year and was married to Miss Therese T. Vegelsong, of Annapolis, Md., and again made his home in Miss. In August of the same year he was unanimously nominated by the Republican convention for the position of District Attorney of the then 12th Judicial District of Miss., in which there was at that time a Republican majority of 2,500. The result of the elections in Mississippi in 1875 was a revolution in the politics of the South, and the virtual death of Republicanism in that part of the country. Mr. Settle was of course defeated with the rest. In 1876 he was a delegate to the National Republican convention. He was the only delegate from Mississippi who voted for the nomination of Roscoe Conkling for President, and continued to vote for him as long as his name was before the convention.

Mr. Settle was elector for the State at Large on the Hayes and Wheeler ticket. In 1880 he was Presidential Elector on the Garfield and Arthur ticket. In 1882 he was strongly urged to become a candidate for Congress in the Second Congressional District of Mississippi, but in the convention withdrew and himself placed Gen. James R. Chalmers in nomination. He was made Chairman of the Republican Congressional Executive Committee, and made a thorough canvass of the district which resulted in the election of Gen. Chalmers by a handsome majority. In 1883 Mr. Settle was nominated and elected to the Legislature of Mississippi. He was elected upon an independent ticket, being strongly opposed to the fusion his party made with the Democracy. It was during this canvass he made the most brilliant efforts of his life. He was met by the ablest speakers on both sides; but before the people he was irresistible and was triumphantly elected by more than 1,200 majority.

Upon his return from the legislature he determined to abandon active participation in politics and devote his time and energies to the practice of law; and left Mississippi and located in Memphis where he is now living. About two months after his location in Memphis he was appointed Assistant Attorney General of the Criminal Court of Shelby county; which position he held over two years. The manner in which he discharged the responsible duties of prosecuting attorney are thus put by the Hon. A. H. Douglas, who was upon the bench at that time:

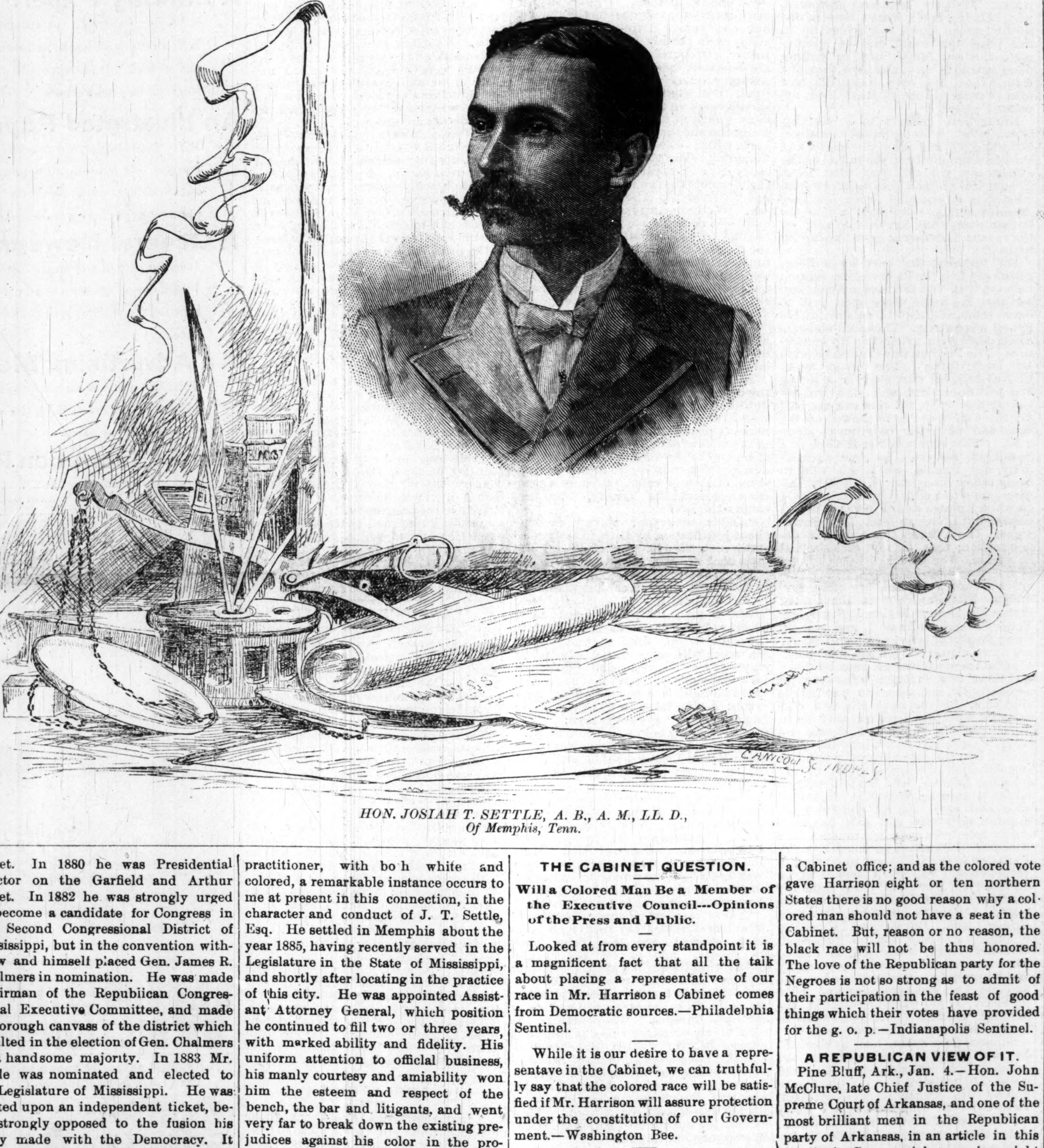
"It is at all times a pleasant duty to offer commendation to those whose exemplary professional department has been such as to challenge attention. This is peculiarly appropriate in reference to those who have had the good fortune to be admitted to the practice of law in the courts of the country; for in that capacity with all its surroundings, of contact and association, a man more readily and certainly developes his true character than almost anywhere else. I am led to these observations in part by closely scrutinizing the genera department of the members of the bar both from the bench and as an associate practitioner, with both white and colored, a remarkable instance occurs to me at present in this connection, in the character and conduct of J. T. Settle, Esq. He settled in Memphis about the year 1885, having recently served in the Legislature in the State of Mississippi, and shortly after locating in the practice of this city. He was appointed Assistant Attorney General, which position he continued to fill two or three years, with marked ability and fidelity. His uniform attention to official business, his manly courtesy and amiability won him the esteem and respect of the bench, the bar and litigants, and went very far to break down the existing prejudices against his color in the profession. His talent is fully recognized and his integrity has in no instance been in the least questioned from any source. He prosecuted without acerbity and with fairness, but neglected no legitimate resources, to fix conviction on the really guilty. He is such a master of elocution, and displays such fluency and indeed brilliancy that he invariably captivated those who listened to him. He is remarkably simple in his manners and utterly without ostentation, and an honor to his profession.

Mr. Settle's course at the bar demonstrates the fact that it is possible for a colored man to succeed in law, if he will thoroughly prepare himself for his professional work and then give his whole time and energy to it. He enjoys the confidence and esteem of the bar and bench; his practice is not only large but is is also lucrative, and of which he is rapidly accumulating a competency. He has no ambition outside of his profession and believe the interest of the race are far better served by each individual member of it doing his whole duty than by agitating the "Race Problem." Yet he thinks it the duty of every citizen to take some part in politics and is himself at present a member of both the county and State Republican Executive committees."

Respectfully,

A. H. DOUGLAS.

Late Judge of the Circuit Court of Shelby county, Tennessee.



HON. JOSIAH T. SETTLE, A. B., A. M., LL. D., Of Memphis, Tenn.

THE CABINET QUESTION.

Will a Colored Man Be a Member of the Executive Council---Opinions of the Press and Public.

Looked at from every standpoint it is a magnificent fact that all the talk about placing a representative of our race in Mr. Harrisons Cabinet comes from Democratic sources.—Philadelphia Sentinel.

While it is our desire to have a representave in the Cabinet, we can truthfully say that the colored race will be satisfied if Mr. Harrison will assure protection under the constitution of our Government.—Washington Bee.

In reply to the question addressed to him in writing as to whether or not it would be proper for Gen. Harrison to take a Negro into his Cabinet, Gen. Ben. Butler wrote in a very bad hand this answer: "Is he not a man and a brother?"

There are 25,000 colored voters in Indiana, and only a Harrison plurality of 2,300. The number of colored voters in New York is also largely in excess of the Republican plurality. A party that is dependent upon colored pluralities should introduce a little color in the Cabinet. This is the African problem of immediate interest in this country.—Philadelphia Record.

The Republicans know the Negroes too well to begin at this late day dividing the important offices with them. The Republican party has no use for the Negro except on election day. It wants his vote, and it gets it. It is entirely unnecessary for it to reward the Negro with high positions of honor and profit, this has been plainly demonstrated by the history of the Negro since his enfranchisement.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Many leading colored men are showing a disposition to demand of Gen. Harrison that a representative of their race be tendered a Cabinet position. There are a number of colored men in the country abundantly qualified to fill a Cabinet office; and as the colored vote gave Harrison eight or ten northern States there is no good reason why a colored man should not have a seat in the Cabinet. But, reason or no reason, the black race will not be thus honored. The love of the Republican party for the Negroes is not so strong as to admit of their participation in the feast of good things which their votes have provided for the g. o. p.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A REPUBLICAN VIEW OF IT.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Jan. 4.—Hon. John McClure, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, and one of the most brilliant men in the Republican party of Arkansas, in an article in this evening's Commercial, covering eight columns, frankly expressed his views on the race problem, and declares that the solution will be found in continuing the ballot to the Negro, but not permitting him to hold office. It is an able document, from his standpoint, and will create a profound sensation in Arkansas, and wherever the distinguished character of the author is known.

CONSUL ASTWOOD DISMISSED.

A dispatch to the N. Y. World says: "H. C. Astwood, for six years past the United States Consul at San Domingo, has been dismissed in disgrace from his position. The information leaked out at the Treasury Department to-day, where an order has been recently issued to honor no more of Astwood's drafts for salary or allowances. Astwood was appointed to his present position from Louisiana and one of his endorsers was the late Senator John A. Logan. He was dismissed, it is learned, for retaining possession of money entrusted to his keeping."

WHAT DOES HE MEAN.

You (the colored people) have shown great patience under severe trials, and there may be yet further calls for the exercise of this homely virtue. It is quite possible that the high expectations of our friends may not at once be realized, but we can at least keep things moving in the right direction.—Benjamin Harrison.

PROF. J. T. BAILEY, A. M.

JOURNALIST, LAWYER, SCHOLAR AND EDUCATOR.

A Short Sketch of the Life of an Eminent Scholar and Writer---His Labors in the School Room and in the Domain of Politics.

Prof. Julian Talbot Bailey, A. M., the subject of this sketch, was born near Barnett, Warren county, Ga., March 22, 1859. His parents were Pierce and Adeline Bailey, the former a native of Warren county, Ga., and the latter of Henrico county, Va. From a very early age he evinced a great desire for learning, and his mother at once wisely determined to give, if possible, her only child a complete education. After finishing the course of study pursued in the common schools of Warren and Taliaferro counties, his mother sent him to the Atlanta University, where he pursued the college preparatory course, from which he graduated at the age of seventeen at the head of his class. He was then sent to Howard University, where he pursued the college course. At both the Atlanta and Howard Universities, his standing in the classes could not well be excelled. Since leaving college his student life has not ceased, which his great proficiency in scientific, mathematical and linguistic studies amply verifies. His modest and retiring disposition has cused him to be less known than he otherwise would have been, but there are few young men of his age who possess a more varied and solid scholarship than he does.

Soon after leaving college he went to North Carolina, where he was principal for some time of a school known as the Roanoke Normal and Collegiate Institute. He also published and edited the National Enquirer in the same State until the spring of 1884, when he was offered the editorial chair of the Arkansaw Herald. Considering Arkansaw a more inviting field, he accepted the offer. His editorial management of the Herald was marked by signal ability and success, in consequence of which he at once received enconiums from the leading men and papers, both white and colored, throughout the State. Such was the effect of his ability as a journalist upon the Arkansians that scarcely had he edited the Herald a month, before it was decided by the members of the Arkansaw Herald and Mansion publishing companies to consolidate the papers. He was then elected editor of the consolidated paper, which at once was regarded as one of the leading Negro journals of the country. He continued to edit the Herald-Mansion until the fall of 1884, when he was elected Professor of Natural Science and Belles-Lettres in the Philander Smith University of Little Rock.

There being such a little to gain from Negro journalism, i. e., from a pecuniary standpoint, he found it necessary to resign his editorial charge and accept the offer to become a professor in the University. In the fall of 1885 he was elected Professor of Higher Mathematics and Astronomy in the Mississippi State Normal College, which position he filled with credit to himself and the race, in addition to editing the Little Rock Sun, an independent newspaper, which is noted for its outspoken sentiments in advocacy of the race.

Howard University has conferred the degree A. M., Master of Arts, upon Prof. Bailey. During the years '86 and 87 he successfully filled the Presidential chair of Bethel University, Little Rock; since which time he has in addition to his editorial duties, been actively engaged in the practice of the law, being one of the very few Afro-Americans who practice before the Supreme and United States courts in addition to the inferior courts of the State. He has a large and growing practice, and his phenomenal success stamps him at once as one of the brightest stars in our legal firmament.

Prof. Bailey has always taken an active part in the politics of his adopted State. As a speaker he is pleasing, interesting and eloquent. He is a man of strong convictions, tender sympathies, great firmness and decision of purpose, with high personal character. He possesses severe earnestness, pluck, manly courage; aims high, is ambitious and far-reaching, with great self-reliance and self-respect.

SCURE A HOME.

We appeal to our people to secure for themselves homes, for nothing can bring independence like owning homes. —Negro World.

THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people. It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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Indianapolis, - - Ind.

THE COMING FEAST.

The following subjects will be treated in early issues of The Freeman, and persons desiring copies of the same should notify us in time:

The Colored Prima Donnas of America (with portraits).

The Religious Colored Press and Some of Its Leaders.

Eminent Colored Barristers.

The Benefactors of the Race (with portraits).

The Negro in the Pulpit (illustrated).

The Colored Journalists and Journalism of America (with portraits).

Our Literary Women. by one of them, (illustrated).

The Negro in Poetry (illustrated).

The Spellbinders, (eight in number).

A Portrait of Miss Phillis Wheatly, the African Poetess.

It will also be replete with racy, entertaining reading matter. The Freeman is the only illustrated colored newspaper published, and its cuts and illustrations are prepared especially for it.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Send fifty cents to The Freeman and receive the numbers which will contain "Colored Men of Letters." "The Colored Prima Domas of America," "Our Literary Women," "The Colored Poets."

ATTENTION.

Mr. L. A. Simpson has taken the local management of the advertising and subscription department of The Freeman and all business in this line will be attended to by him. Mr. Simpson is a young man of pluck and ability and his experience in newspaper work admirably fit him these new responsibilities.

Try Ryder's Best and you will have no other. 77 Mass. Ave.

CAPITAL OINTMENT.
Is a new discovery, and is not excelled by any remedy in the healing art. Good for man or beast. Pritchard & S uard, Veterinarians, 152 E. Wabash street.

Ryder's No. 10 is the finest 10 cent cigar in the city. Try it. At 77 Mass. Ave.

VINDICATED.

No Boycott, Says the Grand Executive Board.

Mr. Kelleher Reinstated—The Popular Hatter Justified in Opening His Store at Night for His Workingmen Customers:

Some time ago the Early Closing Association of this city took occasion, in their warfare upon Mr. P. J. Kelleher, to publish widely, chiefly by word of mouth, that he had been expelled from the Knights of Labor. Mr. Kelleher has suffered under this unjust expulsion and the local use made of that fact for some time. In this connection it no more than fair that the following letter should appear in print. Both sides of the case have been thoroughly investigated, and the end proves Mr. Kelleher to be "all right."

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY,
ORDER OF KNIGHTS OF LABOR OF AMERICA,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., January 3, 1889
Patrick J. Kelleher, 23 West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—Until the receipt of your letter of December 20, I was under the impression that you had been notified of the action of the G. E. B., but find upon investigation that notice was sent to the local, but not to you. The G. E. B. decided that your expulsion was illegal, and that you should be restored to full membership in the order, and that the boycott on your establishment should be removed, as it was illegal. Hoping this will be satifactory, I remain, fraternally, JOHN W. HAYES,
General Secretary-Treasurer.

Call for Ryder's No. 5 at your grocery or drug store. Long Havanna filled cigar, only 5 cents. Wholesale department 77 Mass. Ave.

It takes the lead—Ryder's Best—only 5 cents. 77 Mass. Ave.

SLANDERS AGAINST GOD.

THE DOCTRINES OF THE CHURCH BELITTLED AND MALIGNED.

But the Truth Still Prevails and the Gospel Will Survive—Dr. Talmage Hits Hard at Scoffers

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached at the Brooklyn tabernacle last Sunday. Subject: "Slanders Against Religion Answered." Text: Rev. x.: 10, 11. He said:

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is, theories about tariff, about finance, about civil service, about government. Social creeds—that is, theories about manners and customs and good neighborhood. Æsthetical creeds—that is, theories about tapestry, about bric-a-brac, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about the Deity, about the soul, about the great future. The only being who has no creed about any thing is the idiot. This scoffing against creeds is always a sign of profound ignorance on the part of the scoffer, for he has himself a hundred creeds in regard to other things. In our time the beliefs of evangelistic churches are under a fusillade of caricature and misrepresentation. Men set up what they call orthodox faith, and then they rake it with the musketry of their denunciation. They falsify what the Christian churches believe. They take evangelical doctrines and set them in a harsh and repulsive way, and put them out of the association with other truths. They are like a mad anatomist, who, desiring to tell what a man is, dissects a human body and hangs up in one place the heart, and in another place the two lungs, and in another place an ankle bone, and says that is a man. They are only fragments of a man wrenched out of their God appointed places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, symmetrical, well-jointed, roseate, bounding life, and like the scalpel and the dissecting-knife of the infidel or the atheist can not tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by those enemies as the scare-crow which the farmer puts in the cornfield to keep off the ravens is different from the farmer himself.

For instance, the enemies of Evangelism say that the Presbyterian Church believes that God is a savage S vereign, and that He made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The Presbyterian Church believes no such thing. The Presbyterian Church believes that God is a lov ng and just Sovereign, and that we are free agents. "No, no! that can not be," say these men who have chewed up the creed and have the consequent stomachs. "That is impossible: if God is a Sovereign we can't be free agents." Why, my friends, we admit this in every other direction. I, DeWitt Talmage, am a free citizen of Brooklyn. I go when I please and I come when I please, but I have at least four Sovereigns. The Church Court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical Sovereign. The Mayor of this city; he is my municipal Sovereign. The Governor of New York; he is my State Sovereign. The President of the United States; he is my National Sovereign. Four Sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind and soul I am a free man. So, you see, it is possible that the doctrines go side by side, and there is a common-sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is repulsive. If you have the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose tomorrow morning to walk into the Mercantile Library and improve my mind, or to go through the conservatory of my friend at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquarium all asquirm with trout and gold fish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bananas—if I want to go there I could. I am free to go. If I want to go over to Hoboken and leap into a furnace of an oil factory, if I want to jump from the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to leap from Brooklyn Bridge, I may. But suppose I should go to-morrow and leap into the furnace at Hoboken, who would be to blame? That is all there is about sovereignty and free agency. God rules and reigns, and he has conservatories and blast furnaces. If you want to walk in the gardens, walk there. If you want to leap in the furnace, you may.

Suppose now a man had a charmed key with which he could open all the jails, and he should open Raymond street Jail and the New York Tombs and all the prisons on the continent. In three weeks what kind of a country would this be? all the inmates turned out of those prisons and penitentiaries. Suppose all the reprobates, the bad spirits, the outrageous spirits, should be turned into the new Jerusalem. Why, the next morning the gates of pearl would be found off hinge, the linchpin would be gone out of the chariot wheels, the "house of many mansions," would be burglarized. Assault and battery, arson, libertinism and assassination would reside in the capital of the skies. Angels of God would be insulted on the streets. Heaven would be a dead failure if there were no great lock-up. If all people without regard to their character when they leave this world go right into glory, I wonder if in the temple of the skies Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth occupy the same pew. Your common sense demands two destinies! And then as the Presbyterian Church believing there are infants in perdition; if you will bring me a Presbyterian of good morals and sound mind who will say that he believes there ever was a baby in the lost world, or ever will be, I will make him a deed to the house I live in and he can take possession to-morrow.

So the Episcopalian Church is misrepresented by the enemies of evangelism. They say that church substitutes forms and ceremonies for heart religion, and it is all a matter of liturgy and genuflexion False again. All Episcopalians will tell you that the forms and creeds of their church are nothing unless the heart go with them.

So also the Baptist Church has been misrepresented. The enemies of Evangelism say the Baptist Church believes that unless a man is immersed he will never get into heaven. False again. All the Baptists, close communion and open communion, believe that if a man accept the Lord Jesus Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna, although immersion is the only gate by which one enters their earthly communion.

The enemies of Evangelism also misrepresent the Methodist Church. They say the Methodist Church believes that a man can convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad, and then the minister pats him on the back and says: "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. the Methodist Church believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart and in the church conversion is an earthquake of conversion and a sunburst of pardon. And as a mere "temporary emotion," I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion" which lasted Bishop James and Matthew Simpson for a half-century, keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

So all the evangelical denominations are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on and hold up the great doctrines of Christian Churches as absurd, dry and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your doctrine of the Trinity," they say, "absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons. Impossible. If it is one God He can't be in three, and if there are three, they can't be one. At the same time all of us—they with us—acknowledge trinities all around us. Trinity is our own make-up-body, mind, soul. Body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the court-room—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinities all around about us, in earthly government and in nature. Of course, all the illustrations are defective, for the reason that the natural can not fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should come up to a chemist and say: "I deny what you say about the water and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air and the water." The chemist would say. "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory, and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one, but they are mude up of different parts. So here is a man who says: "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says: "You come up here into the laboratory after your death, and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated."

The ignorant man can not understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory, and we will never understand the Trinity until we go into heaven. The ignorance of the man who can not understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we can not understand the Trinity, does that change the fact?

"And there is your absurd doctrine about justification by faith," say these antagonists who have chewed up the little book of Evangelism and have the consequent embittered stomach. "Justification by faith—you can't explain it." I can explain it. It is simply this: When a man takes the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior from sin God lets the offen er off. Just as you have a difference with some one—he has injured you; he apologizes, or he makes reparation; you say: "Now, that's all right; that's all right." Justification by faith is this: A man takes Je us Christ as his Savior, and God says to the man: "Now, it was all wrong before, but it is all right now; it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith, it is going to conquer all nations.

"There is your absurd doctrine about regeneration," those antagonists of evangelism say. What is regeneration? Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Any body can understand that. Have you not seen people who are all made over again by some wonderful influence? In other words, they are just different from what they used to be as possible.

"There is your absurd doctrine of vicarious sacrifice," say these men who have chewed up the little book of creeds, and have the consequent embittered stomach. Vicarious sacrifice! Let every man suffer for himself. Why do I want Christ to suffer for me? I'll suffer for myself and carry my own burdens." They scoff at the idea of vicarious sacrifice, while they admire it everywhere else except in Christ. People see its beauty when a mother suffers for her child. People see its beauty when a patriot suffers for his country. People see its beauty when a man denies himself for a friend. They can see the beauty of vicarious sacrifice in everyone but Christ.

Be it ours to admire and adore these doctrines at which others jeer. Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable is His wisdom, and His ways are past finding out! Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the infinity, the immensity, the eternity of that love! Let our earnest prayers go out in behalf of all those who scoff at these doctrines of grace.

When the London plague was raging in 1665, there was a hotel near the chief burial place that excited much comment. England was in fright and bereavement The dead carts went through the streets day and night, and the cry: "Bring out your dead!" was answered by the bringing out of the forms of the loved ones, and they were put twenty or thirty in a cart, and the wagons drove on to the cemetery, and those dead were not buried in graves, but in great trenches, in great pits—in one pit eleven hundred and fourteen burials! The carts would come up with their great burden of twenty or thirty to the mouth of the pit, and the front of the cart was lifted and the dead shot into the pit. All the churches in London were open for prayers day and night, and England was in great anguish. At that very time at a hotel—at a wayside inn—near the chief burial place, there was a group of hardened men, who sat day after day and night after night blaspheming God and imitating the grief-struck who went by to the burial place. These men sat there day after day and night after night, and they scoffed at men, and they scoffed at women, and they scoffed at God. But after a while one of them was struck with the plague, and in two weeks all of the group were down in the trench from the margin of which they had uttered their ribaldry. My friends, a greater plague is abroad in the world. Millions have died from it. Millions are smitten with it now. Plague of sin, plague of sorrow, plague of wretchedness, plague of woe. And consecrated women and men from all Christendom are going out trying to stay the plague and alleviate the anguish, and there is a group of men in this country base enough to sit and deride the work. They scoff at the Bible, and they scoft at evangelism, and they scoff at Jesus Christ, and they scoff at God. If these words shall reach them, either while they are sitting here to-day, or through the printing press, let me tell them to remember the fate of that group in the wayside inn while the plague spread its two black wings over the doomed city of London. Oh, instead of being scoffers let us be disciples! "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful!"

SAMOAN AFFAIRS.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations reported amendments to the consular and diplomatic appropriation, designed to protect the interests of the United States in Samoa. The amendments provide for an appropriation of $600,000 for this purpose, which shall be immediately available. Sec. Whitney has written a letter to the chairman of the House Naval Committee asking that the department may be authorized to purchase the necessary land for a coaling station in the harbor of Pagopago, Samoa, and to erect a wharf there, build a lighter, etc. He suggested an appropriation of $100,0 0 for the purpose. The Secretary of State, Wednesday, received a cablegram from Acting Consul Blacklock at Apia, Samoa, by way of Aukland, saying that a large fire recently occurred on the island and that the German consulate was among the buildings destroyed. He adds that the fire was undoubtedly accidental. No other details are given.

A Washington special says, Mr. Petre, the technical attache of the German Legation, has just arrived in Washington direct from Berlin. His mission is supposed to broadly cover a comprehensive and rapid survey of the military and naval resources of the United States in defense and offense. Particularly he is presumed to inspect the harbor defenses of the principal seaports and incidentally to make a report on our ability to command seagoing steamers which could be speedily converted into commerce destroying privateers.

The German side of the recent Samoan fight, as related by their counsel at Apia, charges Klein, the alleged American, with being the instigator of the whole trouble.

A number of obscure and doubtful points in the Samoan complications are explained by statements from Secretary Bayard. Mr. Bayard says that Germany has given this country no casus belli, that our flag has not been insulted or American property destroyed, and that the whole question is, shall this country assert the independence of Samoa by force of arms, if need be, againt German aggression? As this involves the question of peace or war, the determination of which resides with Congress, the whole subject has been referred that body, the President not feeling authorized to take further steps which might precipitate hostilities.

CANADA'S PREMIER.

Sir John MacDonald, Premier of Canada, made a speech at the opening of a drill hall at Montreal, Thursday, which is not very faverable to annexation. In opening the address Sir John dispensed an unlimited quantity of taffy, for which he has been famous, and then, assuming a belligerent attitude, said: "This is a drill hall, built to make our volunteers as proficient in drill and tactics as volunteers can be. Now what will you do with it when Mr. Wiman and Mr. Butterworth hand you over to the United States? (Cries of 'Fight; whip them; and let them try it.) "That's the proper spirit," continued Sir John, "you are a practical people, I can see, and I have no doubt will put this drill hall to good use." His remarks were received with cheers and expressions of approval. At night he said; "The people of Canada are satisfied with their present position. They have no desire, I believe, to change their political position. They are satisfied with the golden or silken tie which connects us with the mother country. [Cheers.] They are tried and loyal subjects of Her Majesty. When she is called away, they would be equally true and loyal to her successor. [Cheers.] We draw our inspirations from the mother country; our constitutional laws are gathered from her; our judiciary is modeled after hers."

A BIG STRIKE.

A long threatened street car strike was inaugurated in New York on the 29th. The men, numbering probably 5,500 have been preparing for the struggle for some time. Nearly every surface road in New York and Brooklyn are effected. Several rows occurred between strikers and the police, but up to this writing no great damage has been done.

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If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.
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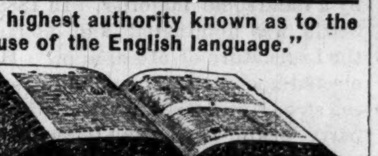
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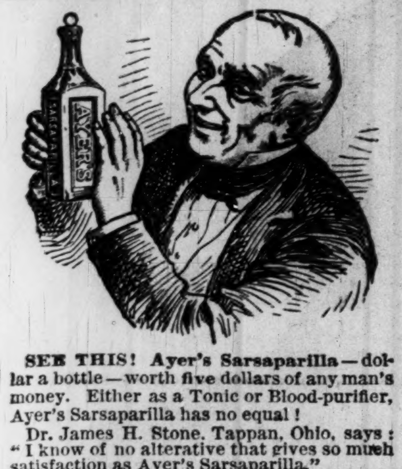

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Dr. James H. Stone, Tappan, Ohio, says: "I know of no alterative that gives so much satisfaction as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Magee's Emulsion

No other proprietary medicine has the endorsement of Physicians to the same extent.

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is entirely eradicated from the system by its use.

It is as easy to take as Maple Syrup or Honey, and can be retained by the most delicate stomachs without nausea.

IF YOU have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, or a generally run-down system, you can regain health and strength quickly by the use of

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J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

SYKE'S Sure Cure.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

CATARRH

The large number of certificates received of the virtues of this preparation in the treatment of this unpleasant disease, abundantly attest its efficacy. It is the only medicine now on the market adapted to Catarrh, that performs what it promises and effects not only speedy relief but a permanent cure. Unlike many nostrums now before the public, it does not dry up temporarily the nasal discharges but eradicates the producing cause, thus leaving the system in a sound and healthy condition. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh and you will be healed of the malady.

For sale by all Druggists.

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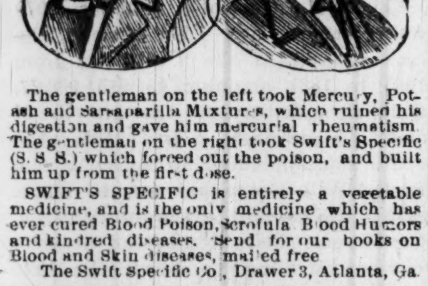

The gentleman on the left took Mercury, Potash and Sarsaparilla Mixtures, which ruined his digestion and gave him mercurial rheumatism. The gentleman on the right took Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) which forced out the poison, and built him up from the first dose.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable medicine, and is the only medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases, mailed free.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

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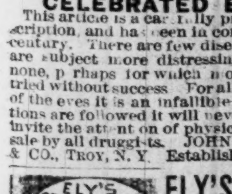
FREE by return mail, full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.



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DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED EYE-WATER.

This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all druggists. JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y. Established 1797.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Is worth $1000 to any Man, Woman or Child, Suffering from CATARRH. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS. 56 Warren St. N.Y.

AGE TO YOUTH.

Words of Wisdom to Young Men.

Philadelphia Ledger.

There is no end of advisers and advice; everybody, as he journeys along from youth to age is certain to meet many of the former and much of the latter. We have been allowed to go a long way on that journey, but from the beginning to the present advanced stage of it, we can recall few other counsellors whose counsel was wiser or better than is that of the writer of a letter to a young gentleman of Philadelphia, who, though possessing a great fortune and having greater expectations, has recently entered the firm of which his brother is the chief and most active member, and the business of which is probably second to no other in the United States. The writer of this letter, which we have been permitted to see and make this use of for the advantage of other young men just entering upon life's active duties, is a retired banker of New York, now living in Florence, Italy, and who is held in the highest estimation at home and abroad, because of his proved integrity, virtue and wisdom.

Out of the stores of his ripe experience he, through this letter to his young friend, gives to all those who are entering the busy world, and especially to those who are entering it relieved by the probity, intelligence, energy and enterprise of others of the necessity of building their own fortunes, the great truth that real manliness, abiding happiness, and the esteem of men can be attained only through and by labor, that without it no good or desirable thing is attained, and that the broader the path of effort is made, not only by application to business, but by study of the arts, sciences and literature, the nobler and happier the man will be, and the greater the honor he will have among men. From this letter we take the following wise counsel to offer to the readers of the Public Ledger:

"I am truly glad that you take real interest in business; first of all, for your own sake, and then for your father's, to whom it must be a source of intense satisfaction and relief to feel that later on, when advancing years will compel him to take things easier and more care of himself, his own sons will be there by his side, able to relieve him and to manage the wonderful business that his talent, his great tenacity of purpose, his proverbial honesty, and his exceptional sense of justice and fair dealing have so magnificently established.

"One of these days, my dear friend, it will be your turn to have the same pride about your own boy, and God grant that, guided by the same spirit and your own good example, he may be a source of joy and happiness to you. It makes me happy to think that you love to speak of your child; and I do not consider it a weakness. I regard it as of good promise, and as a guarantee of your own future, for the reason that love will make you feel more keenly your own responsibility towards him, as well as towards that dear father of yours, whom I love so well.

"Of course you will be sure to have many discouraging periods, and to feel that you have much, very much to learn; but, situated as you are, and if you maintain that modest sense of your own capabilities you ever displayed when talking to me, you will be sure to succeed and make your mark in the end.

"The great danger of men in your station lies in having their heads turned by the success that surrounds them, towards which they can not help feeling the inebriating influences. Guard against that danger; accept your name as a great responsibility; disdain to receive it as a piece of luck; work hard to do honor to it, and you are a made man. Take this last phrase in the right sense. To all intents and purposes, you are, of course, a 'made man,' and I refer only to that individual distinction that mere wealth and position does not confer. It is in your power to accomplish this, and, in a great way, and I am sure you will do it. Indeed, what is there that you can not do at your age, with your health and with means at your command, if you only go at it slowly, but deliberately, and in good earnest? A man need not be a scientific man to be of incalculable help to science or literature or art. What can he not accomplish by taking judicious interest in those who follow these pursuits as the objects of their lives? Of what blessing may he not be, and what luster may he not bring on himself by gradually taking interest in the progress of the society in which he lives. One of our great poets, Vittorio Alfieri, a nobleman by birth, and rich, writes: 'Vain is the boast of ancestry. Let in zero nothingness return, and he only be great who great things has accomplished; not he who has sucked in his cradle arrogant idleness.' But I have allowed myself to be carried away by the subject, and, after reading over what I have written, I feel that I have fallen into preaching you a sermon. Indeed, I seem to be taking a liberty in addressing you in this fashion, and I almost hesitate to let this letter go. However, I shall confide in your good nature to receive it as it is meant, from an old friend, who wishes you well, and whose only desire is to see you accomplish great things."

The career of a government clerk is fairly typified in the case of James Eveleth, the veteran of the War Department. He began working for the United States in 1829 at $800 a year. In 1836 he was given $1,000 a year; in 1850, $1,250 a year; from 1851 to 1853 he was paid $1,500, and the next year was promoted to $1,600. In 1864 he was given $1,800, and in 1885, on account of advancing age, was reduced to $1,600. There he is now, at about 80 years of age, and there he will die, unless, perhaps, he lives long enough to suffer further reductions.

THE DREADED ANT.

Something About the Terrible Ravages of This Little Insect.

Philadelphia Times.

It seems queer, doesn't it to apply such a word as "dreaded" to a little thing like an ant, but the most wonderful stories are told of the destruction it sometimes causes. According to Mr. Holder, the houses of the white ant in Africa are dome-shaped mounds often eighteen feet high. They erect pyramids one thousand feet higher than themselves. On their travels—for they are invaders—they so conceal their approach that their presence is not suspected until the damage is done. They usually tunnel into any object which they attack, often reducing it to a mere shell. In this way they have been known to ascend within the leg of a table, devour the contents of a box upon it and descend a tunnel bored in another leg all in one night.

An officer of the English army, while calling on some ladies in Ceylon, was startled by a rumbling sound. The ladies started with affright and the next instant they stood with only the sky above them, the roof having fallen in lay all about, leaving them miraculously unharmed. The crash of the fall was distinctly heard all over the city. The ants had made their way up through the beams, hollowing them out until a great part of the framework of the house was ready to fall at the slightest touch.

P. T. Barnum's Temperance Lecture.

"I drank," says P. T. Barnum, "more or less intoxicating liquors from 1837 till 1847. The last four of these years I was in England, and there the habit and my appetite for liquor grew so strong from month to month that I discovered that if continued it would certainly work my ruin. With a tremendous effort and a most determined resolution I broke the habit square off, and resolved never to practice it again. I have religiously kept that resolution for more than forty years. Had I not done so I should have been in my grave a quarter of a century ago, for my health had already begun to be affected by alcohol. I was so delighted with my own escape that I traveled thousands of miles at my own expense, and gave hundreds of free temperance lectures in every State between Maine and Wisconsin, besides Missouri, Kentucky, Louisiana and California. I have gladly expended thousands of dollars for temperance. I have built numerous houses for moderate drinking workingmen on condition that they would become teetotalers, and they subsequently paid for the houses with the money and extra strength gained thereby."

Congressional Chaff.

The following coversation is said to have occured on the floor of the Congress the other day, and is given on the responsibility of Hon. Isaac R. Hill. The talk took place between Major McKinley, of Ohio, and Major Martin, of Texas, both gentlemen being inveterate smokers.

Major Martin—Major McKinley, you ought not to smoke those Interstate cigars.

Major McKinley—What do you mean by Interstate cigars?

Major Martin—Why, I mean cigars that when smoked in one State can be smelt in all the other States.

Major McKinley—And you, Major Martin, should not smoke those Robinson Crusoe cigars of yours.

Major Martin—What do you mean by Robinson Crusoe cigars?

Major McKinley—Why, castaways, of course.

A Slip of the Tongue.

Lewiston Journal.

An agreeable young man whom I often meet, was calling with due ceremony on a nice Auburn girl, the other evening, when her brother Tom, just arrived home from college on the evening train, rushed into the room and embraced his sister.

"Why, how plump you've grown, Edith!" he exclaimed. "You're really quite an armful!"

"Isn't she?" exclaimed the agreeable young man, and then he felt a chill racing down his spinal column.

"That is," he stammered, "I've no doubt of it—I———"

The brother looked carving knives at him, and the maiden blushed furiously.

"I mean—er," said he, "I should judge so!"

Experimental Engagement Rings.

Terre Haute Express.

Young Man (confidentially)—I want to see some of your solitaire rings.

Jeweler—Engagement ring, I presume?

Young Man—Y-yes, sir.

Jeweler—Here's just the thing you want; Alaska stone, rolled plate, and warranted for a year.

Young Man—But I want a real stone.

Jeweler—Of course. As I was going to say, we give one of the plated rings along with each real stone. They are exact duplicates. If the engagement is a success, it is very easy to substitute the real for the imitation.

AN EFFECTIVE WAY.

How a Georgia Father Got Rid of a Suitor He Didn't Like.

Georgia Cracker.

It was 11 o'clock. Thomas Singleman still lingered in the tapestry-lined parlor of the Hogamont mansion. There was a slight noise up stairs when Claribelle whispered:

"Oh, 'Tom,' I think it is papa, and he so objects to you staying so late."

Before Mr. Singleman could secure his hat the door opened and Colonel Hogamont entered.

"Claribell Jane, you may leave the room for a moment. I wish to speak privately with Mr. Singleman."

With beating heart she gladly left and then glued her ear to the keyhole outside.

"Mr. Singleman, I want to ask you a favor. As I go past the store I wish to settle a bill of $10, and I forgot to call at the bank on my way home. Can you spare that much until to-morrow evening?"

Mr. Singleman was happy to perform the favor.

"You need not be in a hurry to leave Thomas. My daughter appreciates your company, and I have no objections."

He left the room and Thomas and Claribelle were radiant with happiness. Next evening about the same hour the old gentleman entered and obtained a similar loan. It occurred also the evening following. The next evening a slight noise was heard up stairs, and Mr. Singleman grasped his hat and left saying:

"Claribelle, if your papa should inquire of my absence tell him I took suddenly sick. Good-bye, sweet!" and before the old gentleman was half way down the stairs Mr. Singleman was plowing his way homeward through the murky night. The old man smiled and returned to his slumbers.

Thomas says that even prospective marriage is a failure, and Claribelle Jane spends her evenings at home.

Honey-moon.

"Say, Perkins, old boy, why don't we see you at the club any more? Has your mother-in-law shut down on you?" "No, Brown; the fact of the matter is, my home is so happy now that there is no inducement for me to leave it. You look incredulous, but it's a positive fact. You see my wife used to suffer so much from functional derangements common to her sex, that her spirts and her temper were greatly affected. It was not her fault, of course, but it made home unpleasant all the same. But now, since she has begun to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, she has been so well and so happy that we are having our honey-moon all over again.

All are not thieves that dogs bark at nor are all honest that dogs don't bark at.

A Secret

of good health is found in the regular movement of the bowels and perfect action of the liver. These organs were intended by nature to remove from the system all impurities. If you are constipated, you offer a "standing invitation" to a whole family of diseases and irregularities which will surely be "accepted," and you will have guests unwelcome and determined. All these unhappy conditions may be averted by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Powerful for the regulation of the bowels and liver, establishing a healthy action of the entire wonderful organism with which we are created.

Texas Siftings: Want of principal is the principal want of many people.

Use the surest remedy for Catarrh—Dr. Sages.

Three men were instantly killed, on the 24th, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., by the explosion of a locomotive.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J CHENNY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDEN, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

E. H. VAN HOESEN, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Never cry over spilt milk when beer is only a nickel a glass.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all really good things they are imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

Consumption is the most dreaded of diseases, MAGEE'S EMULSION has cured several cases where physicians pronounced the cases hopeless.

Back-Aches

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA OR KINDRED ILLS Cured by **St. Jacobs Oil** Promptly. Perfectly. and Permanently.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO. MD.

Diamond Vera-Cura FOR DYSPEPSIA.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND ALL Stomach Troubles Arising Therefrom.

Your Druggist or General Dealer will get Vera-Cura for you if not already in stock, or it will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md. Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Thawing Out Frozen Pipes.

F. H. Shelton tells how he thawed out frozen gas pipes: I took off from over pipe some five or six inches just a crust of earth, then put a couple of bushels of lime in the space, poured water over it and slacked it, and then put canvas over that and rocks on the canvas, so as to keep the wind from getting underneath. Next morning, on returning there, I found that the frost had been drawn out from the ground for nearly three feet. You can appreciate what an advantage that was, for, picking through frozen ground with the thermometer below zero, is no joke. Since then we have tried it several times. It is an excellent plan if you have time enough to let the lime work.

The Chill Blast

That sets the naked branches a-quivering, is not felt by the wealthy valetudinarian indoors, but not all the covering that can be piled on his warm bed, nor all the furnace heat that anthracite can furnish, will warm his marrow when chills and fever runs its icy fingers along his spinal column. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the thing to infuse new warmth into his chilled and anguished frame, to remedy the fierce fever and exhausting sweats which alternate with the chill. Dumb ague, ague cake, bilious remittent—in short, every known form of malarial disease is subjugated by this potent, and at the same time, wholesome and genial medicine. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, sick headaches, loss of appetite and sleep, kidney trouble, rheumatism and debility are also remedied by it. Use it with persistence to effect a thorough cure.

The first person mentioned in history who turned over a new leaf was Eve.

Stop that Cough.

Many people neglect what they call a simple cold, which, if not checked in time, may lead to Lung trouble. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, will not only stop the cough but heal the lungs. Endorsed by thousands of Physicians. Palatable as milk. Try it. Sold by all Druggists.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

'Tis a wise child that knows its own father by the time the old man is done paying his New Years visits.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

The crown princess of Denmark is a rich heiress, and has lately inherited large estates in Holland.

The Homliest Man in Town

As well as the handsomest, as well as others, are invited to call on any druggist and get a free trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles 50c and $1.

Some men are always in bad company—even when they are alone.

THE INAUGURATION.

Wisdom of the Pennsylvania Lines in Arranging for the Traffic to Washington.

The number of visitors to Washington for the inauguration of President-elect Harrison is expected to exceed the number in attendance at any previous event. The great railway companies whose lines lead into Washington are vieing with each other in preparing for the enormous traffic. The Pennsylvania System owns over two thousand passenger coaches, more than any other railway system in the country, and the requisite number of locomotives for their movemont. This extensive equipment, together with Pullman Vestibule Sleeping and Parlor Cars, will be at the service of the pilgrims to the Capital. The prompt movement of the Pennsylvania trains is insured by the excellent road-bed and precision of the methods of operation. The Pennsylvania Lines propose to accommodate their patrons by selling excursion tickets at cheap rates and running trains in safety and on time through all the principal points. The Inaugural Committee on Public Comfort has made preparation for the accommodation of half a million visitors during the ceremonies, and there is no question that people will fare well by placing themselves in the hands of this committee. For full information write or make personal application to the nearest passenger or ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Lines. It will be well to remember that the spacious depot of the Pennsylvania Lines in Washington is just off Pennsylvania avenue, almost within a stone's throw of the Capitol, and near all places of interest. The Pennsylvania road on its way to Washington leads through the famous and ever beautiful scenery of the Allegheny mountains.

Last Winter

I was troubled so badly with rheumatism in my right shoulder and joints of my leg as not to be able to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now I don't feel any aches or pains anywhere, and it not only stopped the soreness in my shoulder and joints, but makes me feel as lively as a ten-year-old boy. I sell newspapers right in

THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET

and standing on the cold stones ain't no picnic, I tell you. And if Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me it certainly ought to be good for those people who don't stand on the cold stones. I can be seen every day in the year at corner of Tompkins and DeKalb Avenues. W. W. HOWARD, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH **PENNYROYAL PILLS** RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Original, best, only genuine and reliable pill for sale. Never Fail. Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. At Druggists. Accept no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are a dangerous counterfeit. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

DR. W. H SARBER, Gives his special attention to all PRIVATE DISEASES of Male and Female. Regulating remedies furnished. CANCERS positively cured without the knife. RUPTURE, no cure, no pay. PILES a cure guaranteed. Fistula, Fissure, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, Sterility, Gonorrhea, Syphilis and other ills successfully treated and positively cured. Call on or address, DR. SARBER, 50½ S. ILL. ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND. All letters containing stamps answered, and medicines sent to order.

JONES HE PAYS the FREIGHT 5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for $60. Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

PENSIONS.

We are actively engaged in the prosecution of pension and other war claims, and respectfully solicit correspondence. Eighteen Years' Experience. Collect Officers' Accounts, Horse Claims. Pensions increased. Rejected cases re-opened. 12-page Pamphlet of Pension Laws sent free. Address P. H. FITZGERALD, U. S. Claim Agency, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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GERMAN ASTHMA CURE

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, and insures comfortable sleep. NO WAITING for RESULTS. Being used by inhalation, its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is the result in all curable cases. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00 of any druggist, or by mail. Sample Free for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N.Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

60 YEARS IN USE.

A Physician says, a sovereign remedy for worms. Having used the original "B. A. Fahnestock" Vermifuge in my practice for many years, I have no hesitancy in recommending it as a remedy which is *safe, reliable and efficient* in all cases where a Vermifuge is needed.

THOS. H. HANDY, M. D. Cambridge, Md.

Observe particularly that the initials are B. A. thus avoiding imitations.

LADIES, LOOK!—A novelty Rug Machine sent by mail for $1. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Wholesale price reduced to Agents. New Price List of machines, yarn, patterns, etc., and a book of beautiful colored pattern designs, sent free. Agents Wanted. E. Ross & Co., Toledo, O.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. So strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send two bottles free, together with a valuable treatise on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufrs in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 Per Day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

$12 WIRE PICKET FENCE MACHINE. Lowden's Perfection. Patented. Best Field Fence Machine in the U. S. Capacity, 30 to 50 rods a day. Fence costs 30 to 35c. a rod, freight paid. Agents wanted. Write for illustrated catalogue to L. C. LOWDEN, Indianapolis, Ind.

SINGERS find Piso's Cure for Consumption THE BEST remedy for hoarseness and to clear the throat.

HOME STUDY. Book keeping. Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's Business College, Buffalo, N.Y.

ORATORS find that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.

INU 5—89 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this Paper.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein-Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

THE BEST PRICE COUGH 25 CTS. MEDICINE.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Over 100,000 customers of 1888 praise my seeds, and say they increased all yields, yes often doubled them by sowing my Northern Grown Seeds—giving them on Wheat 40 bu., Oats 200, Barley 70, Corn 125, Potatoes 600 bu., etc.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

We pay in Prizes $1750 on Farm Seeds and $1,280 on Vegetables for largest yield in 1889. You can win one or more if you want to. See Catalogue about it. Operate 5,000 acres in growing seeds. Floor room of seed store over 2 acres; cellar capacity 60,000 bus. Our city has 42 mails, 70 freight trains and 34 express daily, so we can fill all orders at once. Send 8c for Grain sample or 10c for Giant Cabbage and get Fine Catalog free. JOHN A. SALZER, La Crosse, Wis.

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in Real Estate and Printing Machinery to the purchasers of the First Edition of the two elegant 21x28 inch Pictures, (in two colors) of Andersonville and Libby Prisons. They are works of art and household ornaments of great historical interest giving thirty of the most important scenes. The two separate pictures by mail for $1.00, with certificate of one share in the Real Estate and Printing Machinery when edition is sold. The Two Pictures Without Certificate, 55 cents. A Pair of Pictures to anyone getting up a club of ten.

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SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE and ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL. Is the STANDARD INSTITUTION and the LARGEST IN THE WORLD! Full information, Catalogue, terms, etc., sent FREE. Address H. B. BRYANT & SON, Proprietors, Chicago, Ill. We recommend this college to [illegible]. Mention this [illegible] when you write.

THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest f the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every ci y and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps f r that purpose accompany the article.

Entered at the Postoffice at Indianapolis as second class matter.

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Invariably in advance.
Cash must in all cases accompany orders for subscription.
Send money by Postoffice order. Express money, Bank draft or Registered letter. Address

EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

THE COMING FEAST.

The following subjects will be treated in early issues of The Freeman, and persons desiring copies of the same should notify us in time:

The Colored Prima Donnas of America (with portraits).

The Religious Colored Press and Some of Its Leaders.

Eminent Colored Barristers.

The Benefactors of the Race (with portraits).

The Negro in the Pulpit (illustrated).

The Colored Journalists and Journalism of America (with portraits).

Our Literary Women. by one of them, (illustrated).

The Negro in Poetry (illustrated).

The Spellbinders, (eight in number).

A Portrait of Miss Phillis Wheatly, the African Poetess.

It will also be replete with racy, entertaining reading matter The Freeman is the only illustrated colored newspaper published, and its cuts and illustrations are prepared especially for it.

TO AGENTS.

Agents for The Freeman must report regularly each week, stating plainly just how many copies they want. We have now nearly 300 active agents, most of whom are rapidly increasing their orders. Write often and plainly.

Among the many good things which will appear in early numbers of The Freeman are portraits and sketches of Hon. H. P. Cheatham, Congressman-elect of North Carolina; H. O. Flipper, the first colored graduate of West Point; and "My Art Room," by a colored artist

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

With unspeakable pride and satisfaction we notice the awakening of our people to the great need of industrial training. Schools devoted partially or entirely to this work are springing up in almost every State and from them we are gradually deriving material benefit. That we are deficient in knowledge of the trades is due to the baleful influence of color prejudice. which has kept closed to the black boy the factories and shops and every avenue of industrial employment; and now, in many places, manufacturers excuse their non-employment of colored help by saying that there can be found no colored men capable of doing the work which his establishment would require. Thus, the effect of one discrimination is made to act in the cause of another just as serious. The only remedy for this evil lies in the encouragement and promotion of schools devoted to the manual training of our young men and women. While we need lawyers, doctors, teachers and journalists, we need in no less degree, printers, machinists, carpenters, brick and stone masons, engineers, inventors, and representation in all the branches where the hand is the executive force.

We are surprised and chagrined when we survey the magnificent and prosperous business institutions of the "liberal North" and find such few black faces, and at the same time hear so many unkind things said concerning the Negro's poverty and indolence. It is true the schools are free, and the colored man can vote, yet what are these to him if they serve not as levers to make his chance in the race of life equal to the white boy or white man who starts out with him. All who receive a commercial education can not pursue purely intellectual callings, hence if no new avenue is opened for the employment of this surplus energy, and no incentive offered for exertion, idleness and poverty is the inevitable result. In the light of these facts it is not to the credit of the white people of the North that they so severely arraign the Negro for his limited possession of this world's goods.

To the South we must accord a greater meed of praise than to the North for opportunities in the line of industrial training. The colored man is employed in almost every department of labor—in the manufactories, in the mines, on the levees and plantations. With his increasing intellectual development, the possibilities of the Southern Negro are indeed flattering, and the wiser element of the Southern people are learning that it is to the interest of all concerned that the Negro be permitted to become a good citizen, and that his advancement means the upbuilding in wealth and influence of the entire South. With the chances given, and with such industrial schools as are found at Tuskogee and Huntsville, Alabama, to train the rising generation, we have high hopes of the Southern Negro.

In whatever direction the colored man has bent his energies he has evinced the possession of as much natural ability as has his more favored white brother. He is competing with the best minds of the Caucasian race in the sciences and arts, in the field of discovery and invention, in the athletic sports, and he can do equally well in the industrial world. He has asked no favors of any people. He asks only an equal chance and fair play. Our young men and women need something to inspire them with ambition, to arouse their best energies and to awaken their brightest perceptions. Make them feel that they are not regarded as "dumb driven cattle"—give them a chance to be "heroes in the strife." The education of the head, heart and hand bear such close relationship that separation serves to neutralize the effect of each; they should, therefore, travel the pathway of life together. Let the agitation of the subject of industrial schools for Negro youths go on, and every dollar spent in the work will return in the form of an elevated manhood and a fitness for the duties and responsibilities of exalted citizenship.

General Mahone was a guest of Charleston S. C. a few days since, and while there was waited upon by a committee of colored men who asked him for a speech. Among a great many other things he said these:

"I have heard that the colored race desire a representative in the cabinet, but they are too advanced in asserting themselves in that particular. It is not approved of by the Republican party as a whole. I did not approve of any such pretension, and in fact, to be candid, I regard such a proposition too absurd to enter, to any appreciable degree, in the factorage of the political situation. There will be no colored man in Harrison's cabinet. The time for that has not yet arrived. I don't approve of colored men thrusting themselves forward as candidates for prominent positions. It is wrong in policy. Just now the colored man is entitled to all the rights that properly pertain to him, but his place is not at the extreme front yet. I believe in meting out to the colord element exact justice and when they show proper capacity for positions in public life, to which they can legitimately aspire, they should have them as a matter of fair play, but I do not approve—and I stand on the same platform in this particular with many other honest men and Republicans—of their embarrassing their well-wishers, with issues involving them that are irrevelant and untimely.

"If the Negro persists in putting himself forward unduly, he will ailenate his best friends. The best minds of the North and of the Republican party feel that he is a heavy load to carry, for so feels Senator Hoar and other great men who are at this date found to admit it was a mistake to make him a participant in the function of the government, which requires intelligence and a judicious use of the franchise to discharge it properly."

This old fossilated ex-rebel uses the pronoun "I" glibly and with great unction. "I did not approve" and "I regard such a position absurd" or "I don't approve of colored men thrusting themselves forward" are favorite expressions of his and indicate very clearly the General's opinion of the Negro, when he commences to become ambitious for himself,

Poor old Billie, "Din ye hear the slogan?" old boy, clear the track for he's a coming. The black man, we mean old reb, and a million carcasses like yours can't stop or stay him in his onward course.

Frederick Douglass in an interview published in the Washington Press of Jan. 11th speaks as follows: "I hold that the suppression of the colored vote in the South by fraud and violence is a reproach and a concern of the whole nation. The duty to deal with it is not merely sectional, but national." He further said: "A fair vote and an honest count were primary and fundamental principles in the platform adopted by the great national convention of the Repubiican party at Chicago, and upon that platform Hon. Benjamin Harrison has taken his stand. In the mind of that convention its words were things. They meant all they said, and were as real as bullets or bayonets. In the hope of translating these words into life and practice of the nation many voters supported the candidates of the Republican party in the late election, who, but for this, would have voted with the Democratic or with the Prohibition parties.

Mr. Joseph W. Henderson has been appointed manager of the St. Louis department of The Freeman, and all business done through and by him will be recognized by the publisher of The Freeman. Although but an apprentice, so to speak, Mr. Henderson has demonstrated his ability to push a newspaper by running the St. Louis circulation of The Freeman up to over four hundred in a few weeks. We commend him to our St. Louis patrons.

There was no danger in knocking a chip off little Hayti's shoulder, but how about tackling big Germany's right shoulder?

***

There are twenty-five colored Catholic churches in the country and eighty-five schools, also eight orphan asylums and three reformatories.

***

Gallant "Billy" Mahone seems to have fallen in bad odor of late. A great many colored men, who a few years since delighted to swear by "Billy" and the pale moon, have quit doing so.

***

It is well enough for delegations of colored men from the South to visit the President-elect, but for goodness sake gentlemen, and in the name of the race., have something to say when you do come.

***

The Georgia Baptists don't believe in self appointed missionaries. In a recent number it said: "We do not believe that the Lord sends these men out, and do not believe that the people ought to receive them."

***

The world moves. The only newspaper published in the town of Hearne, Texas, is conducted and owned by a colored man. The white population predominates, but a black man furnishes them their weekly stipend of news.

***

We think the day selected, 5th of March, for the coming Colored Press Convention to be held in the city of Washington not a good one. The Convention will be largely attended and will discuss questions of importance, and should receive National attention; but will it, being so close upon the inaugural ceremonies?

***

Of late several alleged newspapers published by colored men have been making spasmodic efforts to re-make the Hon. John M. Langston into a very big man. Futile attempt, gentlemen, for with all due regard for the Ex-minister to Hayti, he obtained his intellectual growth a good many years ago. Too late; can't fool us.

***

It may not be in our day, but sometime they will learn better. Sometime, yea, there will come a time, ye chivalrous pillagers of homes, and butchers of black men of the South, when you will cry for the rocks and the mountains to fall upon you, and hide you from the day of wrath and reckoning that is gathering slowly but surely about your head. There will come a time. Watch for it and be ready.

***

One other fact the Republican party or any other party that wants to retain the support of the colored voters of America in the future will have to see that their actions consist with their promises and pledges, The time has passed for black fools and white ingrates to sing such old songs "as wait a little longer brother, too soon to ask this of the white man" or "if you colored people would only settle on some one man," etc. Yes the time has passed let those who are interested take notice.

***

It never was, it is not now, nor never will be wrong for any American citizen black or white to demand that every right accorded to him by the constitution of his country be given him fairly and frankly without being compelled to cringe and apologize for the same. Let us not only have race pride but let us also cultivate a race courage, a bull-dog fighting courage if you will to sustain and back up that pride if required. To this complexion it has come at last and inevittable straight in the face as becomes men, and not fly and whine like sycophants and curs.

***

Southern Presbyterian to St. Peter—"Is this the gate to the white man's heaven?"

St. Peter—"There is only one gate; all who enter, enter here."

Southern Presbyterian—"That's all wrong, but we'll have to make the best of it, I suppose. I'll go in, but I want it understood that I'm to have a place entirely separate and apart from that of the colored race. This is in accordance with our resolutions adopted——

St. Peter (interrupting)—"Stand back, please, and let Fred. Douglass pass in—Mr. Lincoln is waiting for him."—Detroit Tribune.

***

During the absence of the proprietor, the Herald will be conducted by H. O. Flipper, and no effort will be spared to maintain the same high standard of excellence to which it attained under the management of the proprietor.—Nogales Sunday Herald, Arizona.

Lieut. H. O. Flipper referred to in the above clipping is one of the big men of the far West, and is growing bigger all the time. The Nogales Sunday Herald of which he has become temporary editor, is the chief journal of Arizona. Hon. J. J. Chatam, (white) the editor in fact is a member of the Territorial legislature. Imagine any of our papers here published and owned by white men. placing a colored man at the head of their editorial staff in any emergency. Again we rise to remark the world does move and the great west is indeed the great west.

HON. W. H. YOUNG.

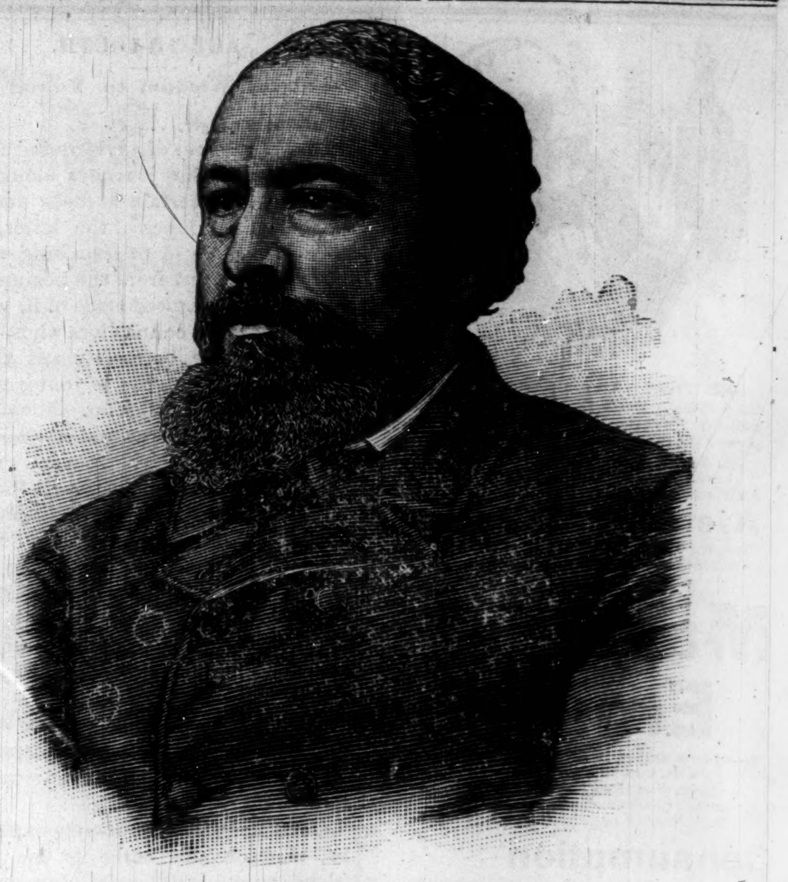
A Brilliant Young Man of Tennessee. ---A Worthy and Honorable Career.

From the Baptist Headlight.

Among the colored men who have risen to prominence, the Hon. W. H. Young, of Nashville, should not be forgotten. Omitting to give a detailed history of this remarkable young man from his birth, we desire to state briefly a few salient points in his career which mark him as a leader of no ordinary powers. The early years of Mr. Young were attended with the same obstacles that confronted every colored man. His rise was by virtue of merit, and not because of any favorable circumstances. Mr. Young's public career may be dated from his graduation from Central Tennessee College, Tenn. After properly equipping himself in the study of the law he was admitted to the bar, proving himself from that date a ready debater, an able counselor, and a lawyer respected by all the members of the bar wherever he has chanced to plead. His career as an attorney has been very successful. The people soon recognized in Mr. Young the elements of a leader by reason both of his integrity and his ability, and as a testimonial of their confidence he was elected to the office of justice of the peace for Davidson county, which position he held for six years. Mr. Young was also notary public for four years. The quarterly court had once elected Mr. Young as assessor for one of the wealthiest districts in the State.
of Tennessee. The highest indorsement given to Mr. Young as a political leader in the Republican party of Tennessee was expressed in his nomination for Congress by acclamation in a convention composed of both white and colored delegates.

The experiment involved in this nomination was both wise and wholesome, for the canvass of Mr. Young revealed the fact that merit and not color was the best plea for the voters of the people. The district in which Mr. Young ran was always considered hopelessly Bourbon Democratic without the shadow of Republican redemption. Mr Young received a larger vote then any Republican candidate for Congress from this district has ever received, Mr. Young receiving 12,700 votes. This represents six hundred more votes than any other Republican candidate received in this district. The vote polled for Mr. Young in the recent election was larger than that received by any of the other Republican candidates for Congress from Tennessee with the exception of the three successful cundidates in East Tennessee.

The secret of Mr. Young's rise in the estimation of the public may be found in the character of the man. His sterling sense of right, his stern obedience to the principles of rectitude in conduct, his honesty, his integrity, and his walks in the paths of duty and conviction, are well known to the citizens of Tennessee. His faith in the principles of Republicanism is as unshaken as the eternal hills. He represents both the Republican party that came through great tribulations and the Republican party with its face towards the rising sun. A more unselfish man cannot be found in the Republican host in this State than Hon. W. H. Young.



DR. B. F. LEE,
Editor Christian Recorder, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

A Beacon Light for the Race.

In 1834, in the Pittsburg Conference, the following resolution was reported and passed:

Resolved, As the sense of this house that common schools, Sunday Schools and temperance societies are of the highest importance to all people, but more especially to our people,

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of every member of this Conference to do all in his power to promote and establish these useful institutions among our people.

In 1834 the Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York conferences passed similar resolutions. In the Ohio Annual Conference, Aug. 22, 1855, the presiding Bishop, D. A. Payne, called attention to an interview had with the Cincinnati M. E. Conference, in which friendly sentiments were expressed regarding the establishment of a university for the education of the colored people. At the same time Rev. J. F. Wright delivered an address explaining the plan and work intended by the M. E. Conference, relative to the cause of education amongst the colored people. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

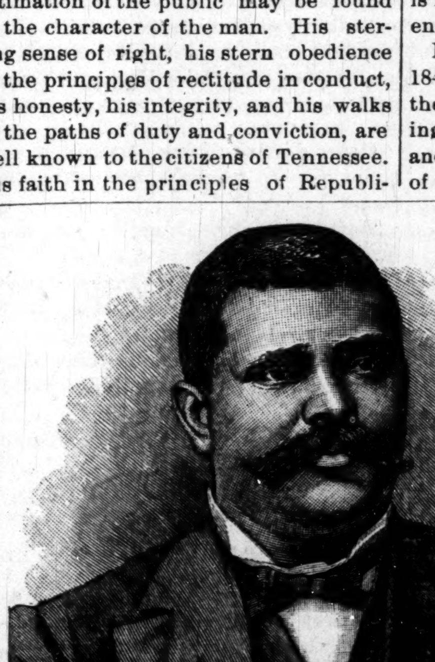
Resolved, That a special committee of three be appointed by the Bishop, whose duty it shall be to take this subject recommended by Brother Wright, into special consideration, and that an agent be appointed who shall act in behalf of the Conference, as Rev. Wright is in behalf of the Cincinnati Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Previous to these proceedings, Sept. 1844, a plan for selecting a locality for the establishment of a seminary of learning, by M. T. Newsome, was submitted, and a committee for the promulgation of the same appointed. One yerr after this committee, consisting of M. T. Newsome, Lewis Adams and Thos. Lawrence, reported to the Ohio Conference that they had purchased a site in Franklyn Co., Ohio, twelve miles west of Columbus, containing 172 acres of land, which cost $1,720. In 1847, the Rev. J. M. Brown, since Bishop, was placed in charge, having for his assistant, Mrs. Frances E. Harper, nee Watkins. Rev. E. D. Davis became principal in 1851, and remained at its head until Wilberforce swallowed it up, in 1863.

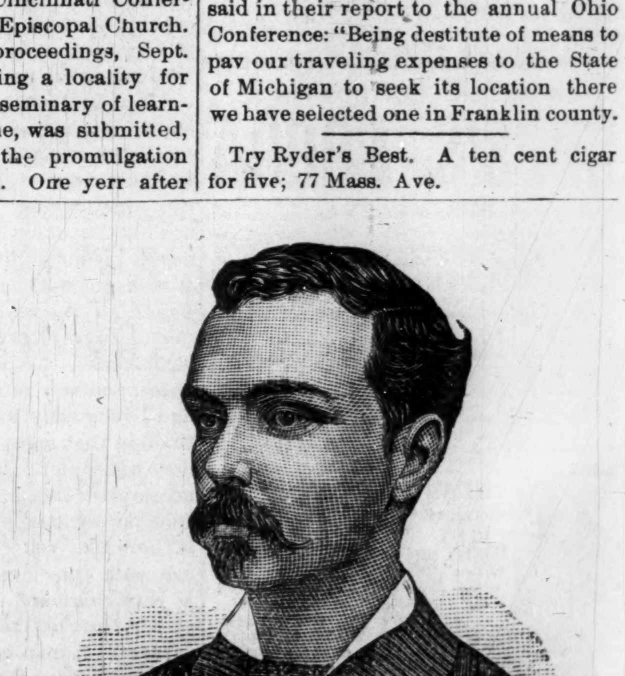
The A. M. E. Church obtaining full control of Wilberforce in 1863, it has over since stood as a beacon light of education and enlightenment, pointing the way out of the bitter waters of social hate and despair that so many times threatened to engulf and demoralize the persecuted Negro.

The full history of the institution is interesting and picturesque. The memories that cling about it, and personal reminiscences of hundreds of distinguished men and women that might be related indicate how precious is their dear Alma mater, old Wilberforce. In 1865, the buildings were set on fire by incendiaries, and burnt to the ground, and on Thursday June 20, 1878, a new and elegant building was dedicated in an imposing and befitting manner. The Presidents of Wilberforce, under the regime of the A. M. E. Church, up to this time have been Bishop Daniel A. Payne, from 1868 to 1875, Rev. Benjamin F. Lee, B. D., from 1876 to 1884, and Rev. S. T. Mitchell, elected in 1884. The number of students that have attended Wilberforce since 1863, up to 1885 is 2,841. Of which number 1,070 were females, and 1,771 males. The cash receipts of the University from 1865 to 1881 amounts to $154,908.37. Quite a commentry on the growth of small beginnings. In 1845, the committee appointed to select a site for the Wilberforce that was to come, said in their report to the annual Ohio Conference: "Being destitute of means to pay our traveling expenses to the State of Michigan to seek its location there we have selected one in Franklin county.

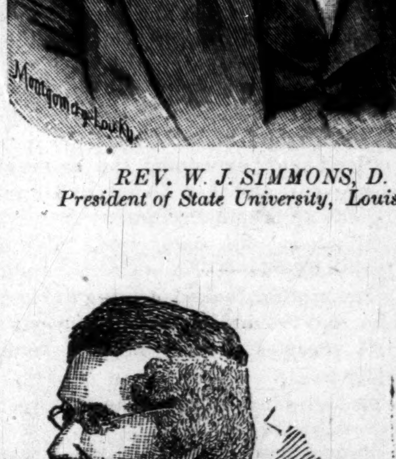
Try Ryder's Best. A ten cent cigar for five; 77 Mass. Ave.



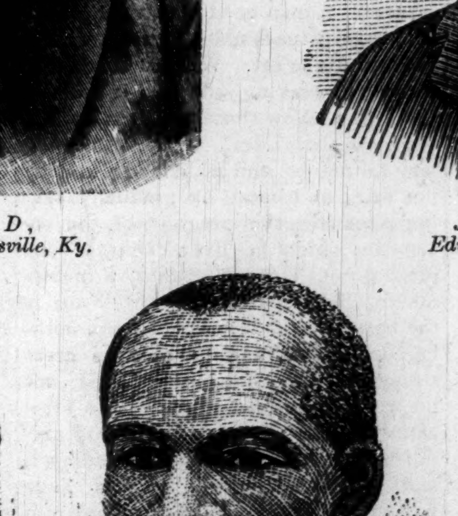
REV. W. J. SIMMONS, D. D.,
President of State University, Louisville, Ky.



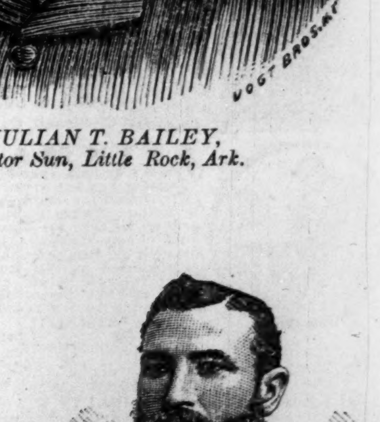
JULIAN T. BAILEY,
Editor Sun, Little Rock, Ark.



BISHOP D. A. PAYNE,
First President of Wilberforce.

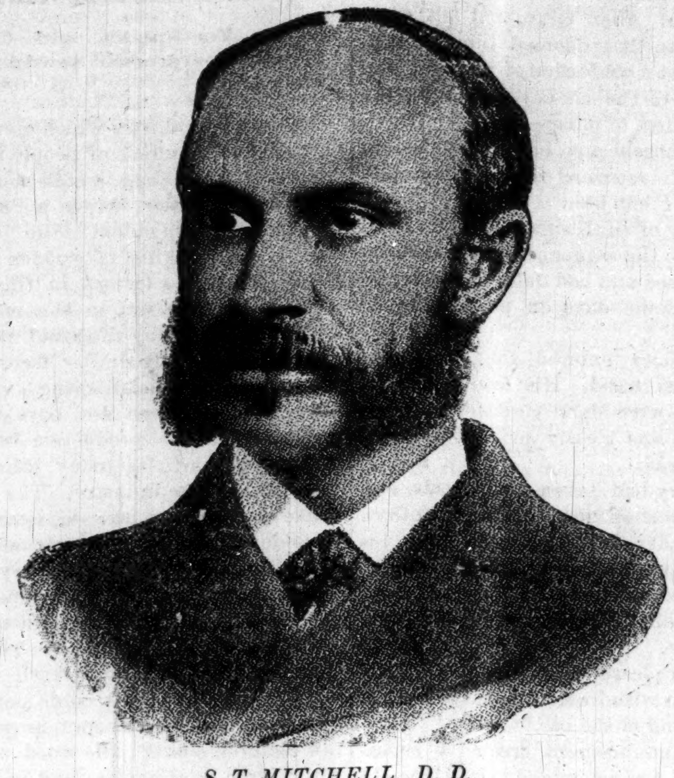


HON. W. H. YOUNG,
Of Nashville, Tenn.



REV. A. B. P. ALBERTS,
Editor South Western Advocate, New Orleans.

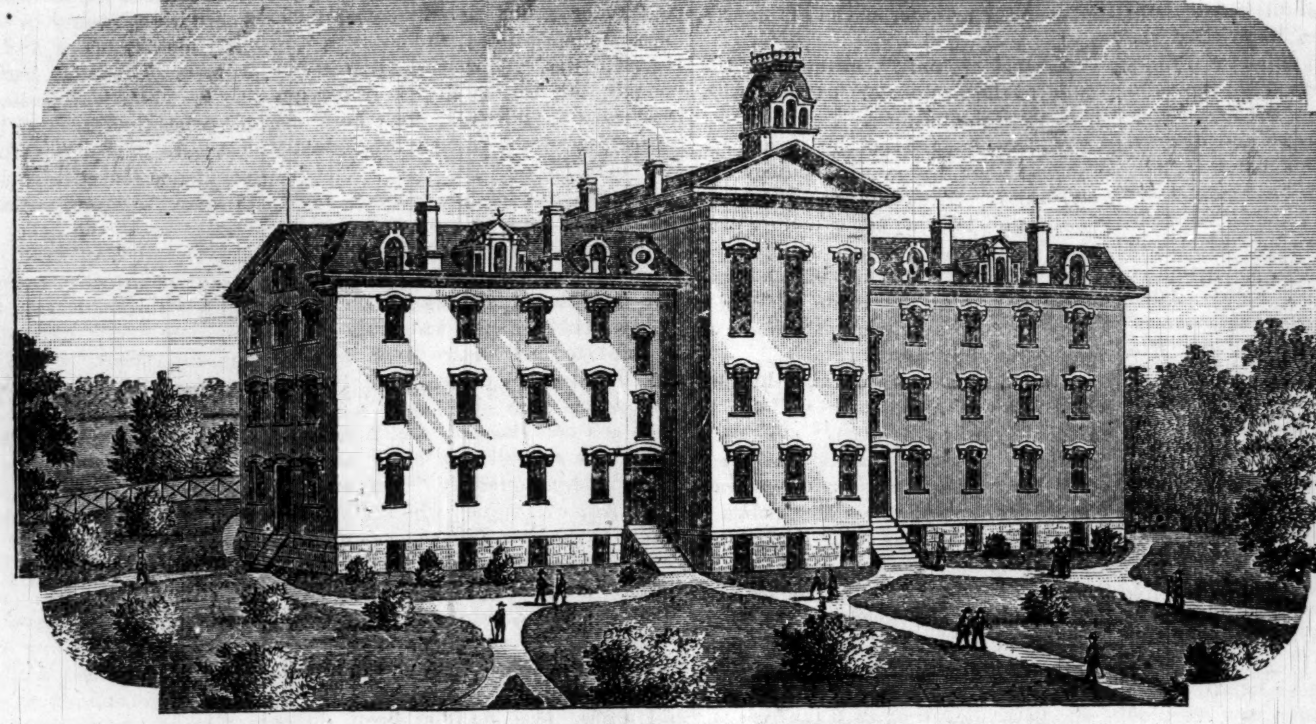
PROF. J. P. SHORTER, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics, Wilberforce, O.



S. T MITCHELL, D. D.,
President of Wilberforce, Wilberforce, O.

PROF: W. S. SCARBOROUGH, L. L. D.,
Professor of Languages, Wilberforce

REV. T. H. JACKSON,
Professor of Theology, Wilberforce.



WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY, WILBERFORCE, OHIO.

MR J. P. MAXWELL,
Secretary, Wilberforce.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS

OF THE COLORED RACE AND SOME OF ITS LEADERS.

A Few Bright Lights in the Religious World---Representative Newspapers and Magazines Conducted by Colored Men---Personal Paragraphs.

Written Expressly for The Freeman.

The mission of the religeous press as compared to the secular is specific and distinct. While one finds its votaries and supporters amongst the worldly and the worldly wise, the other is read and sought by those who care more about the things beyond this "vale of tears," than those of the "earth earthy." One is concerned about the mutations of governments and peoples, the other places the business of the soul" above the transitory affairs of this life and proclaims to a dying world the glory and happiness of an existence beyond the tomb where the canker and rust of envious mortality can not invade or destroy. In the language of Sir Thomas Brown, man at best "is but a splendid animal," and like the animal he would live and die, did he allow himself to be filled wholy by the affairs of the flesh and those aspirations that have their emanation and end, solely in himself. That he does not, especialy in this age of fashionable distrust, and educated skepticism is due largely to the searching sweep, and instructive columns of the religious press of the world.

But what of the colored religious press and who are some of its leaders? The kaleidoscope goes 'round and press, and leaders appear. "Couch me awhile Horatio" and as the procession moves by, we will note some of its characteristics, and write of some of those who adorn it with their genius and presence.

DR. J. L. COPPIN.

Dr. Coppin was born free at Fredericktown, Md., Dec. —, 1848. Settling in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1856, he there obtained the elementary rudiments of an education. Afterward, becoming a teacher in the public schools of the State, he was in 1877 licensed to preach, and immediately took a prominent rank in the itinerant corps of the great A. M. E. connection. Becoming at last full fledged, and an ornament to his noble calling, between the years of '79 and '83 he filled with great success the pulpits of the two oldest churches in his connection—the "Bethels" of Philadelphia and Baltimore respectively. In 1884 he entered the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia, graduating in 1887. Being a delegate to the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church, held in this city in 1888, he was elected editor of the A. M. E. Church Review, which position he has since continued to grace and embellish with his talents. The Review is the most pretentious church journal of the Negro race in America, and in fact will compare favorably with the best religious journals of the whites in this country. It is printed quarterly, and counts among its contributors the most cultured Negro writers in the world. Editor Coppin is a worthy successor of his illustrious predecessor, Bishop B. T. Tanner.

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Rev. Aristides Alphonso Peter Albert, D. D., was born in St. Charles parish, Louisiana, December 10, 1853. His father Pierre Albert, was a white, a native of Bordeaux, France. His mother was a slave, the property of Francois Bougers, also a Frenchman. In 1863, the Union Army having captured New Orleans, Aristides ran from home and landed safely within the Union lines. Unable to understand or speak English, he entered a private school taught by Mr. Wm. Barner, colored, paying one dollar per month tuition fee. He attended successfully, the Freedmen's Bureau School, public school, the Atlanta Congregational Theological University, and the Methodist Episcopal University. The two first named institutions, being located in New Orleans the two latter in Atlanta, Ga. Entering the Staraight Congregational University at New Orleans, he graduated as Batchelor of Divinity in 1881. Four years afterwards the honorary title of D. D. was conferred upon him by the alma mater, and the Rust Methodist Episcopal University of Holy Springs, Miss. At present, Dr. Albert is President of the Board of Trustees of New Orleans University. chairman of the Executive Committee, and lecturer on theology in the some institution. He is also Secretary of the Louisiana Conference Board of Church Extension and Statistical Secretary of the Louisana Conference. Was for a number of years District Dept. Worthy Grand Templer for Louisana, I. O. G. T., was a member of the Book Committee of the M. E. Church, Secretary for Eastern Section, for four years, member of General Conference, and Secretary of Committee on State of the church, at the General Conferance held in Philadelphia in 1884. Also chairman of the colored delegation to the same body. After Dr. Taylor's declination he was desired by the majority of the Board of Bishops to go as Bishop to Africa. At the General Conference of '84 he received one hundred and seventeen votes for editor of the "Southwestern," having been asst. editor with Drs. Hartzell and Cushman from '81 to '84. In 1882 the distinguished honor of "Liberian Knight," was conferred upon him by President Johnson of that Republic, for his services to Liberia and Africa, and during the same year was orator for the Louisiana Day Exposition. Dr. Alberts is a linguist of some note, speaking Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, and Spanish quite fluently. Of the French and English languages he is a master. In 1887 Dr. Alberts was elected editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate to fill the unexpired term of Dr. Marshall Taylor, and was re-elected at the last General Conference for the full term without opposition. At the last meeting of the Bishops of his church he was appointed fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church. The Southwestern Christian Advocate, of which Dr. Alberts is now editor, is a great and powerful church organ having the largest circulation of any sectarian paper in New Orleans.

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DR. B. F. LEE, D. D.

"A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner." The lived lives of some individuals may well be compared to a beacon light, shedding its effulgent rays far over the angry seas, warning the storm ridden mariner of the breakers and rocks ahead. Such a life has been that of Rev. B. F. Lee, A. B. D. D., President of "old Wilberforce" for many years, and present editor of the Christian Recorder, the pioneer and leading church organ of the A. M. E. connection. Editor Lee was born in Gouldtown, New Jersey, Sept. 18, 1841. At the age of eleven, being left fatherless, he went out into the "wide, wide world," with no friend but his good right arm and a determination to do, and commenced the struggle for existence. Until he reached the age of fifteen, the only schooling he obtained was that secured at country schools during the winter months. Until he was twenty-three years of age he was mainly a farm and factory hand. He early evinced a taste for mathematics, and was a great lover of history, biography, poetry and philosophy. He entered Wilberforce in 1864, and completed the course in 1874, with A. B. attached to his name. As early as '62 he joined the A. M. E. Church, and four years after had become an exorter. Licensed to preach in '70, and in '72 was ordained an elder. His first pastoral charge was the Salem Circuit, including Salem, Ohio, and Bridgewater, Pennsylvania. In 1873 he was appointed to the chair of pastoral theology and ecclesiastical history at Wilberforce. After two years he once more assumed the pastoral harness, taking charge of Warren Chapel in the city of Toledo, Ohio. A responsibility of great trust was about to be placed upon him. After the resignation of the Presidency by Bishop Payne, Dr. Lee was selected to take his place, and for eight years the man who, eleven years previous had been gardener and chore man of the same institution, became its President and guide. What an inspiration; what an example for the young men of the Negro race to look up to and emulate. In 1884 the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church elected him editor of the Christian Recorder, the official organ of that body. In 1880 he was a fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church. Was also delegate to the Ecumenical Council of Methodists.

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Rev. Wm. J. Simmonds, A. B., A. M., D. D., Editor of the American Baptist, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, June 29th, 1849. Born a slave, surrounded by poverty and indigence, it little occurred to those who locked upon the wretched slave boy of the early fifties, that the time would ever come when he would make for himself a place amongst the "princely few," of the powerful Church to which his name is inseparably connected. Yet such is the case. Like Longfellow's hero, he has left the past, with its tear-dashed memories, its hidious realities, and stifling situations, far behind, and with the eye and mien of a leader and a conqueror, he is still pressing on toward the mark of highest calling. Early in his life, through the instrumentality of some good men and women, he found a home with his mother and two sisters in Philadelphia, the "city of brotherly love." At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a dentist in Bordentown, New Jersey, where he remained two years, becoming quite proficient as a tooth "carpenter." The great civil war for the maintainance of slavery being under full headway at this period, he could repress himself no longer, but broke the legal bonds that environed him, and enlisted as a soldier in the Forty-first United States colored troops. The "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" thrilled and aroused him as nothing in life had done before. That he made a brave and daring soldier, goes without saying. Present at the surrender of Gen. Lee, he had prior to this event been a dashing participant in the battles about Petersburg, Appomatox Courthouse, Natchez, Bull Run, etc. After receiving an honorable discharge from the army, he returned to Philadelphia and worked at his profession for a period. He became a Christian in 1867, under the administration of Rev. J. W. Custis (white), of Bordentown, and immediately joined the Church. Through the philanthropy of the New Jersey State Educational Society, he attended the Madison University of New York, taking an academic course, graduating in 1868. Shortly afterwards he entered Rochester University, but owing to affected eye sight remained but one year. He next turns up at Howard University, Washington, D. C., in 1871, graduating as an A. B. in 1873. Taking a prospecting trip west after graduating, as far as Arkansas, he remained but a short time, returning to Washington and was teacher of a school until June, 1874. The following September he went to Florida, going into the real estate and orange raising business. Was ordained a deacon in Oscala, Fla., in 1879, and licensed to preach at the same time. He was successively principal of Howard Academy, Dept. County Clerk and County Commissioner. Returning to Washington he shortly afterwards received a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Lexington, Ky. In 1880 he was appointed to the presidency of the Normal and Theological Institution, conducted under the auspices of the General Association of Colored Baptists of Kentucky. He was elected to the editorship of the American Baptist in 1882. As an editorial writer he has obtained a national reputation for a pungent and aggressive style. He is an unremitting champion of right as against wrong of any kind, and has a bluff, straightforward way of expressing himself on all occasions, that is as refreshing as it is startling at times. He was or is President of the American Baptist Company, and has been more times than once, and is to-day President of the Colored Press Association of America, which meets at Washington City the next day after the inauguration of Harrison the 5th of March. Dr. Simmon's chief literary work, "Men of Mark," is very popular and is enjoying a great sale.

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Editor D. A Rudd enjoys the distinction as being the first Negro editor of a Catholic paper. The Catholic Tribune is a well edited Journal, published in Cincinnati, and a strict partisan of the Roman Church. Mr. Rudd is a thoroughgoing man, filled with push, and seems to be the right man for his place. At the recent convention of colored Catholics held in Washington, D. C., Mr. Rudd was elected President.

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REV. W. J. WHITE, EDITOR OF THE GEORGIA BAPTIST.

In the spring of 1880, the Missionary Baptist Convention of Georgia elected the subject of this sketch as an editor of a paper; to be called the Georgia Baptist. Although this preliminary action was taken unbeknown to Rev. White, he immediately gave up a twelve hundred dollar position and threw his soul into the work. Ordering on his own personal credit a fifteen hundred dollar paper and job outfit, he commenced business. An attempt to organize a stock company for the purpose of carrying on the business having failed, Mr. White took charge of the plant himself, and eventually became sole owner. The Baptist has been published on time ever since, has a bona fide circulation of three thousand copies per week, going into thirty-three different States. From ten to fifteen hands are employed upon it continually, the pay roll reaching from one hundred to one hundred and fifty a week. Take it for all and all the Georgia Baptist is one of the positively successful newspaper properties in the country owned by colored men.

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Rev. J. C. Dancy, editor of the Star of Zion, the Church organ of the A. M. E. Z. connection, is a bright and leading light in religious journalism. For a number of years the haunts and confines of sin have been assailed by his combative and trenchant pen, and his particular calling is known far and wide as a knight "without fear or reproach."

W. ALLISON SWEENEY.
Indianapolis, Ind.

ONLY NEGRO WRITERS RECOGNIZED.

In a conversation of colored gentlemen last week the topic of discussion turned to the recent article written by George W. Cable in a late number of "Forum." After discussing the political social and religious condition of the Negro, during which time opinions various and differing in views were freely exchanged, the bent of conversation was centered upon the many literary productions of the colored people of this country. We listened carefully to the merits of our various colored authors, including historians, journalists, scientists, etc., and after they had finished we asked the company what they thought of the works of Phillis Wheatly. No one had ever heard of the name. We stopped long enough to say that her's is the only name of any writer of the Negro race found in the various cyclopedias of English literature. We hope the name, works and life of Phillis Wheatly will be studied by our rising young colored people.—St. Louis Advance "Man-Abont-Town.

A delegation of colored men called on the President-elect Jan. 23, to urge that the colored Republicans in the South should be given equal recognition with white men belonging to the party. The callers were Bishop W. G. Gaines, of Georgia, Bishop B. T. Tanner, of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. A. Hann, of Washington, and two or three others of less prominence. They particularly desired that a colored man should be appointed United States consul to Bermuda.

"Othello" was produced in Chicago, a few nights ago, by an amateur company. Mr. John Owens was the jealous Moor, and James McDowell "Iago." The characters were all creditably sustained.

The jubilee of the State University at Louisville, Ky., was a happy affair.

SOFT IS THY REST.

"Soft is thy rest, O silent sea,
To thy farthest moonlit rim
There comes no sigh nor sound to me
Save that eternal hymn

"Which the dim age of thy birth
God taught thee how to sing
O'erwatching night and the sleeping earth,
All through their course they swing.

"Sweet is thy light, O silver sea,
Under the cold cloud bars
The moon's broad glare seems to me
The pathway to the stars."

WHO WAS THE ROBBER?

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Another case of misplaced confidence."

I pricked up my ears as I heard the words. Two men had halted not five yards distant, and were discussiug something of seeming importance.

I sat tilted back in my old-fashioned arm-chair lost in a reverie, or had been lost in one till the words opening this story fell on my ears, rousing me to a sense o. my surroundings.

My half-burnt cigar had gone out, and I tossed the stump aside and regarded the speakers from under the rim of my soft hat.

They were ordinary citizens, and seemed deeply interested in the subject of their conversation.

"Will it damage Mr. Sylvester to any extent?"

"Damage him? It will ruin him!"

"You don't say."

"Yes, it will. Twenty thousand don't grow on every bush. It was clean cash, too."

"And there seems to be no doubt the young fellow's taking the money—the confidential clerk, I mean?"

"Oh, no. How can there be, since he has run away? It's a terrible blow to the old man, and will startle the community. Of course the thief will not not stop this side of the British line. It's a case of misplaced confidence, as I said, and there seems to be no redress.

"No redress? I should think it would be an easy matter to follow and capture the young villain."

"Not so easy as you may think. Once in Canada the villain is safe, and he has good twenty-four hours the start."

The two citizens then moved on and I heard no more. I was deeply interested, however. It was no ordinary curiosity that moved me.

Bernard Sylvester was an old friend of mine whom I had not seen in nearly eight years. I had heard from him infrequently, and at these times to the effect that he was prospering in the Western town where he had made his home. Late on the previous evening I landed in Goldburgh for the first time. I put up at the best public house in the little Western city, determined to visit my old friend on the morrow.

While smoking my after-breakfast cigar, I overheard the conversation just given. It referred to the friend I had come out of my way to visit.

I resolved to go at once and pay my respects to Mr. Sylvester. I came to my feet and hurried away. I had previously examined the directory and earned the number and street where my friend resided.

I had no difficulty in finding the house, a brick dwelling of considerable pretentions. I found Bernard Sylvester in the dumps truly. He was glad to see me, however, recognizing me at once.

I noticed that he had aged a good deal since I last looked upon his handsome face. Soon after the first greetings were over he told me his misfortune.

"I brought the money into the house last night, and put it in the safe," he explained. "I don't often leave so large a sum here over night, but I thought it safe enough for a few hours at least and intended putting it in the bank to-day."

"You think your clerk took the money?"

"There can be no doubt of it."

"Was he not trustworthy—"

"Allen Grey trustworthy? Sir, I would have staked my life on his integrity till this came out."

"How long has he been in your employ?"

"More than a year. I liked him immensely, and he so far presumed on my confidence as to fall in love with my daughter Luline. I was vexed when I made the discovery, and it didn't take the young people long to discover my feelings on the subject"

"Exactly," said I.

"I put a flea in the young man's ear and sent Luline away."

"Sent your daughter away?"

"Yes. Since her mother died this has really been no place for her. I sent her to an aunt in Canada. She's attending school there, and I flatter myself she's forgotten Grey before this time."

"How long ago did this happen?"

"Six months."

"When did you last see Allen Grey?"

"Yesterday. He came over at noon to talk about business affairs, and at that meeting I told him about the money I expected to receive. Had it arrived a little earlier I should have put it in the bank, and then Allen Grey would not have been tempted to commit a great crime."

I soon learned enough to convince me that the man had good grounds for suspecting his clerk. He had put the money in the safe, and but one person beside himself knew the combination—that person was Allen Grey. The housekeeper, Mrs. Rexford, had seen Grey at the house after the money was received. He entered the room where the safe stood, and remained about twenty minutes.

In the morning, when Mr. Sylvester went to get the package of money that he had received the previous night by express, he found the safe unlocked and the key in the door.

"Are you quite sure it was not possible for a burglar to effect an entrance, unlock the safe, and escape with the money?" I asked.

"I am sure that couldn't be," assured Mr. Sylvester. "The house was al. locked up at night, and my own door was secured as well as the window. Neither had been tampered with. It is plain enough that Grey came in early in the evening and secured the money."

"Did you leave the key in the safe?"

"No. I have a place for it, and Grey was the only person who knew where I kept it. In his hurry he forgot to remove the key from the lock. Had I visited the safe again last night I would have detected the theft, and might have been in time to cut off the thief's retreat. As it is, he has doubtless crossed the line by this time."

This seemed likely, since a night's ride would take one to the border. I could offer but little consolation to my friend. The loss of the money would seriously cripple his business.

He insisted on my making his house my home during my stay in the city, and I consented.

Two days later a painful surprise upset Mr. Sylvester even more than the loss of the $20,000 had done.

I came in from a stroll to see him standing in the center of the parlor floor the picture of rage, sorrow and dismay.

He held a paper in his hand—a telegram—that trembled as he read. After a moment Sylvester handed the telegram to me with the request that I read it. I did so, and found the following:

Knox, Ontario, ——18.—Father: Allen is here. We were married this morning. Forgive us. We could not live apart.

I confess that I was considerably surprised at the import of the telegram.

"The ungrateful child! I'll disown her for this!" declared my elderly friend, trembling with rage and mortification. "To think that after taking that money, after robbing me with the remorseless coolness of a burglar, he uses the money to visit Canada and rob me of my only child, my Luline. Oh! this will kill me The ruin! the disgrace!"

He was up, wringing his hands, and I had not the heart to offer any sort of consolation then. It was a strange case indeed. If Allen Grey was the one who had robbed Mr. Sylvester he was a man of nerve, and a consummate villain, indeed.

Shortly after the receipt of the telegram a letter came from the absent clerk, pleading his great love for Luline as his excuse for the course he had taken. "We are coming on in a few days," the letter said in conclusion, "and hope and trust you will forgive us. Luline sends her love and a thousand kisses."

The impudence of the young man was, indeed, wonderful. My friend Sylvester worked himself up to a terrible pitch of excitement, so that I feared his sanity.

"I'll have him arrested the moment he sets foot in Goldburgh," declared Mr. Sylvester. "He has ruined my life, and I care not what happens now."

A crisis was surely at hand. It did seem the hight of impudence for the runaway clerk to return after his unlawful acts. He must have had great faith in his employer, to believe he could forgive him after what had happened.

The world knew of the robbery, and there were detectives on the lookout. It was not in reality my case, yet I was deeply interested in the outcome, and was at the depot when the young couple arrived.

Allen Grey was taken into custody at once, and his bride of less than a week fainted on my shoulder. I looked into the eyes of the accused, and there saw genuine astonishment depicted, when he learned of what he was accused.

"I rob you, Mr. Sylvester, of twenty thousand dollars? You know me better than that."

But the wronged father would not argue the point, and the once trusted clerk was hurried to prison without bail.

It was an awful blow to the young wife, whom I found to be pretty and altogether sensible. I had remembered her as a child only.

She left her father's house vowing that she would not return while Allen remained under the ban of his displeasure.

It was through my efforts that Luline went back.

"If Allen Grey is not guilty he shall go free," declared Sylvester, "but I am satisfied of his guilt, and you ought not to defend him, Luline. This comes of your disobeying your father."

"If he proves his innocence you will receive him back, and—and forgive us both, father?" pleaded the daughter.

"Yes, but—"

"Then I am content."

I heard this much. The outcome was somewhat surprising. All the evidence pointed to Grey as the thief, and it did not seem possible that he could escape. Both father and daughter were deeply oppressed.

I visited Grey in prison and found him though deeply depressed, willing to talk, and what he said was given out in perfect frankness. I was prepossessed in favor of Allen Gray, and felt sorry for the fate that doomed him. I intimated that a confession of his guilt and a return of the money would be the wisest course to pursue.

"An innocent man has no confession to make," returned the prisoner, and with this I left him.

The day of trial came. I was on hand to listen at the evidence, for I was deeply interested and had delayed my departure for some days on purpose to be present.

Allen Grey entered the court-room with a firm tread. His face was pale, and there were dark circles under his eyes. It was clearly evident that he had suffered.

The jury had taken their seats, and the trial was about to open. I noticed that neither Mr. Sylvester nor his daughter were present, a fact that puzzled me not a little.

The public prosecutor rose and faced the Judge.

"May it please your Honor, we have decided to withdraw the charge against the prisoner at the bar."

This announcement created a sensasation. I was astounded. Had the old merchant at the last moment relented? Could he withdraw the case now that it had gone to the people? It did not seem possible.

The attorney for the defense was quite as deeply surprised as anybody, and even the prisoner looked his amazement.

"On what grounds?" questioned the Judge, as the prosecutor paused, with a thumb in the button-hole of his vest.

"We have learned that the prisoner is innocent, your Honor. The money has been found!" Then the prosecutor advanced and laid a paper before the judge.

I waited not for further proceedings, but hurried from the room. Calling a hack, I ordered it driven to the home of my old friend Sylvester.

At the door I was met by Luline, whose face was radiant with smiles. "I am glad you have come," she said. "Father is extremely anxious to see you." I was no less anxious to see him. The old man sprang to his feet when I entered his room, the one containing the safe, the door of which stood open. He seized my arm and led me to the safe. Pointing to a package in a large envelope in plain sight on a shelf within the safe, he said: "There it is, Frank, the $20,000—not a penny touched!"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Where did it come from?"

"Ask Luline. I found it there this morning, and the key was in the lock."

Then the old man turned away, going from the room with his face in his hands.

Luline stood on the threshhold. I looked my question, and she came forward and said:

"It is easily explained. Papa was the thief. I mistrusted it. He walks in his sleep sometimes. I caught him last night. He visited the garret and brought out the money package and put it in the safe. I saw it all, and he was astound d to find it this morning. I suppose he was thinking about money when he retired on the night in question, and he rose in the night and took it to the garret for safe keeping. It's too good for anything. Papa forgives Allen, and we'll have his blessing now."

The dear girl smiled through her tears and I confess I was little less happy than she at the outcome of the robbery.

A LITTLE DINNER.

An embroidered square of linen should be placed under the centerpiece.

Oysters or clams may be served on a thick bed of water-cress, in their shells, with accompanying forks.

Little dishes of small, round radishes make pleasing bits of color. Dishes filled with salted almonds are de rigeur.

With the salid, cheese straws should be served, tied in a bundle with a narrow ribbon; they may be on the table if desired.

The ice balls are an addition to many salads and are made as follows: Take a piece of ice as large as a teacup, pound fine in an old towel, and press it with the hands until perfectly round.

An attractive "fish dish" consists of medium sized cucumbers, cut in half and carefully scraped out and stuffed with cold boiled salmon (fresh or canned) fix with mayonnaise, half a cucumber served to each person.

Oysters may be broiled and served on an ordinary small skewer with little bows of ribbon tied to the "handle!" Then five or six well-broiled oysters impaled on the spit, served on (or off) toast, and the plate is ready for the table.

The ice cream may be served in paper cases covered with artificial flowers, or in individual bricks and shapes. The cakes, if small, fancifully iced ones, may adorn the table in little dishes. In the finger bowls a piece of lemon, a pansy, or geranium leaf may float.

A pretty and delicious salad is as follows: Small potatoes hollowed out and filled with dressed celery, mayonnaise poured over the top, and a few capers added; the potatoes placed on a bed of lettuce, with some ice balls interspersed. Chopped water-cress makes a delicious substitute for celery.

Time and tide wait for no man, and not even for a poor, weak member of the opposite sex.

QUEER MAINE INDUSTRIES.

Wooden Toothpicks and Thread Spools, Compressed Sawdust and Moccasins.

There is an industry which gives employment to hundreds of people in this section of the State which owes its origin to a whittler, writes a Pittsburg Dispatch correspondent from Maine. This is the making of wooden toothpicks. There is a factory in this town which turns them out at the rate of I know not how many thousand per day, and there are many similar factories in a number of neighboring villages. Aside from the men and boys directly employed in the production of these useful little articles many others are benefitted by the industry. The farmer who owns the trees, the woodsman who them down, and the teamster who cuts hauls the timber to the factory, each comes in for a share of the money paid out by the toothpick manufacturers.

The wood sells for $3 to $4.50 per cord at the factory, and as each factory takes from 600 to 1,500 cords per year, quite a respectable amount is paid for raw material alone. The wood used is white birch and poplar, and must be straight-grained and without knots, so there is necessarily a good deal of waste. It is estimated that enough toothpicks are made in Maine each year to load a freight train of fifty cars. In round numbers the toothpicks number 5,000,000,000, or about seventy-seven picks for each man, woman, and child in the United States. That would scarcely be enough; but the toothpick consumers need not be alarmed, for there are several factories devoted to this industry outside of Maine.

The inventor of the wooden toothpick is still living and still making toothpicks. He was in South America when he made the first box, and got the idea from the natives, who seem also to have a penchant for whittling. Well, he employed his leisure time in whittling out a box of picks, which he sent home to his wife. She gave a part of them to a hotel-keeper, and his guests liked them so well that he at once ordered a large quantity. The man in South America smiled when he got the letter, but at once engaged a number of natives and set them to whittling.

Next he returned to his native town in Maine and went to inventing. In due time he had a machine that would make picks about 10,000 times as fast as the swiftest South American whittler, and since 1860 he has been doing his best to supply the world with toothpicks. He has so perfected his machine that one operative can make 15,000 picks per minute. His business rivals are numerous and toothpicks are cheap in spite of the fact that there is said to be a sort of toothpick trust controlling the production.

Another peculiar industry which flourishes in Western Maine is the making of thread spools. They are cut from smooth, white birch timber, a wood which works easily, by various kinds of improved machines. There are numerous mills throughout the lumbering region where the birch is sawed into strips about 4 feet long and from 1 to 2 inches in width and thickness. These strips then go to the spool factories to be converted into spools. The processes are numerous, but, with one exception not darticularly interesting. The method of polishing the spools is novel and original. A barrel is filled nearly full of them and then revolved by means of machinery and belting until the spools are worn smooth by rubbing one against another. Spool manufacturing is the most important industry in several of the villages of Oxford county and will doubtless continue so until the supply of white birch timber gives out.

I can remember the time when Yankee shoe-makers cut their pegs themselves. They would saw off a white birch log, leaving it smooth and even, then plow little furrows across it in two directions with an instrument which I believe they called a peg-cutter. Then enough of the wood was sawed off to make the pegs the right length and the block was split up into pegs by using a knife. I don't suppose anybody makes pegs that way now. They are cut by machinery from white birch and maple and New England supplies the whole country. Pegs are worth from 35 to 95 cents a bushel at the factories.

Up in Bangor there is a firm styling itself a "compress company" and its business is baling sawdust. Sawdust, shavings, etc., are taken from the sawmills and planing mills in tram-cars to the compressing mill and there squeezed into an almost impregnable mass. Large quantities are used by various manufacturers for different purposes.

Turning from the wooden products of this woody region I will mention one distinctively Yankee industry and then conclude this letter. The making of leather moccasins is carried on in this State quite extensively. Now Maine has not a great many Indians, but she has thousands of lumbermen, and each lumberman wears moccasins in winter. The Indians, if they were all moccasin-makers, couldn't begin to supply the market, so the moccasin factory takes hold and helps them out. A moccasin, by the way, is a sewed boot, made without sole leather, the top and the bottom being off the same piece. The leather is tanned by a peculiar process which makes its color a yellowish white. It is soft and flexible and very easy on the feet. Each pair of boots is made large enough to hold the owner's feet and two or three pairs of stockings, thus enableing the lumbermen to defy snow and cold. The moccasins are not of deer skin, but of leather made of the hides of cattle. They are cheaper than cowhide boots and the woodsmen greatly prefer them. There is not a country store in the whole State where they are not kept for sale.

A New Story About Evarts.

New York Graphic.

The latest story about Senator William M. Evarts, whose dry wit is proverbial, is told by ex-Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Island. The Governor was one of the party that accompanied President Hayes on his famous tour into the South. Cincinnati was the starting point of the trip, and Nashville was the principal objective point. Mr. Hays liked to have the train stop at every station so that he could make a little speech. He went by a circuitous route in order to mingle with the people, as he expressed it. Senator Evarts, who was his Secretary of State, was one of the party. He was sitting in a rear car enjoying a quiet smoke with Governor Van Zandt, when the train drew up at a station, which the Governor declares was like nothing so much as Charles Dickens's description of the town of Eden in "Martin Chuzzlewit." There were a dozen houses besides the station. There were twenty or thirty lank and dirty looking males, and twice as many women. The latter had no other clothing than blue jean dresses which barely fell below their knees. Their ankles and feet were bare of covering. The entire populance looked as if shaken to pieces by ague. Postmaster-General Key came hastily into the car, almost before Evarts and Van Zandt had taken this inventory of the town. Addressing himself to Mr. Evarts, he said: "The President would like to have you come out and speak to the people." Mr. Evarts set his peculiar old silk hat firmer on the back of his head until it crushed the lobes of his ears, heaved a sigh, and got up to obey the request, as he said, "Well, I presume I must do as the President desires. This town looks about Cabinet size!"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

In fashionable households, instead of the parents sending out announcements of the latest family addition, the new-comer announces himself or herself by a tiny visiting-card, the date of the birth and the address following the name.

Here are a few rules for debutantes: Never show temper, however much you feel it. Never be late in keeping an engagement. Never resent a seeming slight, but smile and bear it. Never confide anything to another debutante. Never betray your feelings in public or your preference for a member of the male sex anywhere.

The woman-suffragists are greatly pleased with some utterances made by President-elect Harrison recently in regard to the woman movement, and they are predicting the new administration will encourage the appointment of women in the departments, postoffices, and to other places now held almost exclusively by men. Mrs. Harrison herself favors the pecuniary independence of her sex quite as much as she does temperance, women's suffrage and other reforms. It may be that the reign of Lucy will yet be much outdone.

Senator Palmer's Little Problem.

Washington Post.

Among the other good things that Senator "Tom" Palmer, of Michigan, has said is recorded in the following:

In a little gathering at his house a young Congressman from Massachusetts, said: "Senator Palmer, I presume that between legitimate lumbering, timber thieves, forest fires, etc., Michigan is pretty well denuded of her timber crop."

Senator Palmer looked at the young Congressman commiseratingly for a few seconds and then said in his fine German-silver voice: "Young man there is enough lumber standing in Michigan to-day to build a fence fifteen boards high three times around the earth once a year for fifteen years. Now, that's an easy thing to reckon, as it is 25,000 miles around the world. Go and reckon it up and you can get the number of feet of lumber Michigan is prepared to furnish the world."

OLD SAWS RESET.

Look not a gift horse in the mouth, but keep your eye on his hind hoofs.

Murder will out, and the murderer get out if the lawyer knows his business.

A wild goose never laid a tame egg, but its egg will grow tame if kept long enough.

There is no fool like an old fool, except it be the young fool who fools with an "unloaded gun."

Faint heart never won a fair lady, unless the owner of the heart had plenty of stuff.

Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door. But the trouble is that a great many poor chaps are not lucky enough to be home at the time.

Probably the richest newsboy in the west is Moses Jacobs who sells papers on the streets of Des Moines, Ia. He is eighteen years old, and has sold newspapers for the last fourteen years, during which time he has acquired $4,000 worth of real estate from his savings.

MATTERS OF LAW.

Recent Decisions of the Indiana Supreme Court.

Damages may be recovered for an injury inflicted on Sunday by the negligence of the defendant, although the injured person was working on Sunday, in violation of the law on that subject. This rule is applied in this case to a brakeman on a railroad train. A railroad company is liable for an injury to a brakeman caused by requiring him to use machinery which it knew to be defective, but of the defective condition of which the employe had no knowledge, and could have none except by taking unusual and extraordinary precautions. This rule is applied to an injury caused while coupling cars by a defective brake-beam, the condition of which the brakeman could only see by stooping down and looking under the car. Declarations which were the natural emanations or outgrowths of the act or occurrence in litigation, although not precisely concurrent in point of time, if they were yet voluntary and spontaneously made so nearly contemporaneous as to be in the presence of the transaction which they illustrate and explain and were made under such circumstances as necessarily to exclude the idea of design or deliberation, are admissible as part of the res gestae. In this case the declarations, which are held admissible, were made within two minutes of the injury and in response to a question as to how the injury happened.

(1) An award which is good upon its face can not be impeached except for causes enumerated in Section 845, R. S. 1881. (2) The Court, when it is sought to have judgment rendered upon an award, can not hear extrinsic evidence as to the merits of the case or the justice of the award, or inquire as to whether the arbitrators decided according to the weight of the evidence or observed strictly to the technical rules of law in hearing or refusing to hear the evidence, but it may hear evidence pertinent to the statutory grounds of objection. (3) Where the trial court hears affidavits and counter affidavits upon a question triable by it, and thus makes a decision upon conflicting evidence, the Supreme Court will not review the decision. (4) In the consideration of a motion to modify or correct an award, under Section 846 R. S. 1881, the Court will be limited to what appears upon the face of the submission and the award.

Appellees complaint charges that he is the owner of lot 68 in the town of Rushville, on which he resides and has resided with his family for many years that the appellant is the owner of lot 67, adjoining lot 68, and twenty-eight feet distant from appellee's residence; that on appellant's lot there is a frame shop which appellant and another are converting into a public blacksmith shop, for the purpose of shoeing horses and doing a general blacksmithing business; that such business will greatly interfere with the comfortable enjoyment of appellee's property, etc., wherefore he asks that the defendants may be enjoined form erecting, maintaining and using the building as a blacksmith shop. Held: That the complaint is bad, it not being made to appear therein that the defendants threaten and intend to conduct the business—in itself legitimate—in such a manner as to constitute a nuisance.

An assignee, believing that certain lands conveyed to him by the debtor possessed a value above the amount of a mortgage lien thereon, and being notified by the mortgagee that a part of the mortgage was due and foreclosure imminent, to secure time within which to make an effort to sell the land paid the mortgagee all the interest and a part of the principal due on his mortgage out of the trust funds in his hands, the mortgagee agreeing to repay the same on demand of the assignee if the court or general creditors should not sanction the payment. The mortgage was subsequently foreclosed and nothing was realized for the several creditors. Action by the assignee to recover the amount so paid, the complaint alleging the facts stated. The sureties on the assignee's bond, on their application, were made parties, and plaintiffs filed a complaint alleging that the creditors had obtained judgment upon the assignee's bond partly for the breach of duty represented by such payment and that they had been compelled to pay the judgment, therefore they asked to be subrogated to the rights of the assignee and creditors as against the aforesaid mortgagee. Held: That the mortgagee must repay the money so paid to him. Held, also. That the sureties are entitled to be subrogated. Held, also: That there was not an improper joinder of parties plaintiffs, and that a joint judgment in favor of plaintiffs was proper.

Household Hints.

Don't discuss your family affairs in general conversation.

Do not make the mistake of trying to get up a $10 dinner for less than $10.

Do not let your baby chew the gilt edges off your Dore bible. Gilt is deleterious to the health of innocence.

When coal is worth $6 a ton it is better to let your neighbor's cat warble all night than to pelt her with anthracite.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

THE DESERT.

We had nothing to guide ourselves by except the distant mountains and old Jose da Silvestra's chart, which, considering that it was drawn by a dying and half distraught man on a fragment of linen three centuries ago, was not a very satisfactory sort of thing to work on. Still, such as it was, our sole hope of success depended on it. If we failed to find that pool of bad water which the old Don marked as being situated in the middle of the desert, about sixty miles from our starting point, and as far from the mountains, we must in all probability perish miserably of thist. And to my mind the chances of our finding it in that great sea of sand and karoo scrub seemed almost infinitessimal. Even supposing da Silvestra had marked it right, what was there to prevent its having been generations ago dried up by the sun, or trampled in by game, or filled by the drifting sand?

On we tramped silently as shades through the night and in the heavy sand. The karoo bushes caught our shins and retarded us, and the sand got into our veldtschoons and Good's shooting boots, so that every few miles we had to stop and empty them; but still the night was fairly cool, though the atmosphere was thick and heavy, giving a sort of creamy feeling to the air, we made fair progress. It was very still and lonely there in the desert, oppressively so indeed. Good felt this, and at once began to whistle the "Girl I left behind me," but the notes sounded lugubrious in that vast place, and he gave it up. Shortly afterward a little incident occurred which, though it made us jump at the time, gave rise to a laugh. Good, as the holder of the compass, which, being a sailor, of course he thoroughly understood, was leading, and we were toiling along in single file behind him, when suddenly we heard the sound of an exclamation, and he vanished. Next second there arose all around us a most extraordinary hubbub, snorts, groans, wild sounds of rushing feet. In the faint light too we could descry dim galloping forms half hidden by wreaths of sand. The natives threw down their loads and prepared to bolt, but remembering that there was nowhere to bolt, cast themseves upon the ground and howled out that it was the devil. As for Sir Henry and myself we stood there amazed; nor was our amazement lessened when we perceived the form of Good careering off in the direction of the mountains, apparently mounted on the back of a horse and holloaing like mad. In another second he threw up his arms, and we heard him come to the earth with a thud. Then I saw what had happened; we had stumbled right on to a herd of sleeping quagga, on to the back of one of which Good had actually fallen, and the brute had naturally enough got up and made off with him. Singing out to the others that it was all right I ran oward Good, much afraid lest he should be hurt, but to my great relief found him sitting in the sand, his eyeglass still fixed firmly on his eye, rather shaken and very much startled, but not in any way injured.

After this we traveled on without any further misadventure till after one o'clock, when we called a halt, and having drunk a little water, not much, for water was precious, and rested for half an hour, started on again.

On, on we went, till at last the east began to blush like the cheek of a girl. Then there came faint rays of primrose light, that changed presently to golden bars, through which the dawn glided out across the desert. The stars grew pale and paler still, till at last they vanished, the golden moon waxed wan, and her mountain ridges stood out clear against her sickly face like the bones on the face of a dying man; then came spear upon spear of glorious light flashing far away across the boundless wilderness, piercing and firing the veils of mist, till the desert was draped in a tremulous golden glow, and it was day.

Still we did not halt, though by the time we should have been glad enough to do so, for we knew that when the sun was fully up it would be almost impossible for us to travel in it. At length, about six o'clock, we spied a little pile of rocks rising out of the plain, and to this we dragged ourselves. As luck would have it here we found an overhanging slab of rock carpeted beneath with a smooth sand, which afforded a most grateful shelter from the heat. Underneath this we crept, and having drunk some water each and having eaten a bit of biltong, we lay down and were soon sound asleep.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before we woke, to find our three bearers peparing to return. They had already had enough of the desert and no number of knives would have tempted them to come a step further. So we had a hearty drink, and having emptied our water bottles, filled them up again from the gourds they had brought with them and then watched them depart on their wenty miles' tramp home.

At half-past four we also started on. It was lonely and desolate work, for with the exception of a few ostriches there was not a single living creature to be seen on all the vast expanse of sandy plain. It was evidently too dry for game and with the exception of a deadly-looking cobra or two we saw no reptiles. One insect, however, was abundant, and that was the common or house-fly. There they came, "not as single spies, but in battalions," as I think the Old Testament says somewhere. He is an extraordinary animal. Go where you will you find him, and so it must always have been. I have seen him inclosed in amber, which must, I was told, have been a half a million years old, looking exactly like his descendant of to-day, and I have little doubt but that when the last man lies dying on the earth he will be buzzing round—if that event should happen to occur in the summer—watching for an opportunity to settle on his nose.

At sunset we halted, waiting for the moon to rise. At ten she came up beautiful and serene as ever, and with one halt about two o'clock in the morning, we trudged wearily on through the night, till at last the welcome sun put a period to our labors. We drank a little and flung ourselves down, thoroughly tired out, on the sand, and were soon all asleep. There was no need to set a watch, for we had nothing to fear from anybody or anything in that vast intenanted plain. Our only enemies were heat, thurst and flies, but far rather would I have faced any danger from man or beast than that awful trinity. This time we were not so lucky as to find a sheltering rock to guard us from glare of the sun with the result that about seven o'clock we woke up experiencing the exact sensations one would attribute to a breakfast on a gridiron. We were literally being baked through and through. The burning sun seemed to be sucking the very life blood out of us. We sat up and groaned.

"Phew," said I, grabbing at the halo of flies, which buzzed cheerfully round my head. The heat did not affect them.

"My word! said Sir Henry.

"It is hot!' said Good.

"I was hot, indeed, and there was not a bit of shelter to be had. Look where we would there was no rock or tree, nothing but an unending glare, rendered dazzling by the hot air which danced over the surface of the desert as it does over a red hot stove.

"What is to be done?" asked Sir Henry; "we can't stand this for long."

We looked at each other blankly.

"I have it," said Good, "we must dig a hole and get in it and cover ourselves with the karoo bushes."

It did not seem a very promising suggestion, but at least it was better than nothing, so we set to work, and with the trowel we had brought with us and our hands succeeded in aboutan hour in delving out a patch of ground about ten foot long by twelve wide to the depth of two feet. Then we cut a quantity of low scrub with our hunting-knives, and creeping into the hole pulled it over us all, with the exception of Ventvogel, on whom, being a Hottentot, the sun had no particular effect. This gave us some slight shelter from the burning rays of the sun, but the heat in that amateur grave can be better imagined than described. The Black Hole of Calcutta must have been a fool to it; indeed, to this moment I do not know how we lived through the day. There we lay panting, and every now and again moistening our lips from our scanty supply of water. Had we followed our inclinations we should have finished all we had off in the first two hours, but we had to exercise the most rigid care, for if our water failed us we knew that we must quickly perish miserably.

But everything has an end, if only you live long enough to see it, and somehow that miserable day wore on toward evening. About three o'clock in the afternoon we determined that we could stand it no longer. It would be better to die walking than to be slowly killed by heat and thirst in that dreadful hole. So taking each of us a little drink from our fast diminishing supply of water, now heated to about the same temperature as a man's blood, we staggered on.

We had now covered some fifty miles of desert. If my reader will refer to the rough copy and translation of old Da Silvestra's map, he will see that the desert is marked as being forty leagues across, and the "pan bad water" is set down as being in the middle of it. Now forty leagues is one hundred and twenty miles, consequently we ought at the most to be within twelve or fifteen miles of the water if any should really exist.

Through the afternoon we crept slowly and painfully along, scarcely doing more than a mile and a half an hour.

Through the afternoon we crept slowly and painfully along, scarcely doing more than a mile and a half an hour. At sunset we again rested, waiting for the moon, and after drinking a little managed to get some sleep.

Before we lay down Umbopo pointed out to us a slight and indistinct hillock on the flat surface of the desert about eight miles away. At that distance it looked like an ant hill, and as I was dropping off to sleep I fell to wondering what it could be.

With the moon we started on again, feeling dreadfully exhausted, and suffering tortures from thirst and prickly heat. Nobody who has not felt it can know what we went through. We no longer walked, we staggered, now and again falling from exhaustion, and being obliged to call a halt every hour or so. We had scarcely energy left in us to speak. Up to now Good had chatted and joked, for he was a merry fellow; but now he had not a joke left in him.

At last, about two o'clock, utterly worn out in body and mind, we came to the foot of this queer hill, or sand koppie, which did at first sight resemble a gigantic ant-heap about a hundred feet high, and covering at the base nearly a morgen (two acres) of ground.

Here we halted, and driven by our desperate thirst sucked down our last drops of water. We had but half a pint a head, and we could have drunk a gallon.

Then we lay down. Just as I was dropping off to sleep I heard Umbopa remark to himself in Zulu—

"If we cannot find water we shall all be dead before the moon rises to-morrow."

I shuddered, hot as it was. The near prospect of such an awful death is not pleasant, but even the thought of it could not keep me from sleeping.

CHAPTER VI.

WATER! WATER!

In two hours' time, about four o'clock I woke up. As soon as the first heavy demand of bodily fatigue had been satisfied, the torturing thirst from which I was suffering asserted itself. I could sleep no more. I had been dreaming that I was bathing in a running stream, with green banks and trees upon them, and I awoke to find myself in that arid wilderness, and to remember that, as Umbopa had said, if we did not find water that day we must certainly perish miserably. No human creature could live long without water in that heat. I sat up and rubbed my grimy face with my dry and horny hands. My lips and eyelids were stuck together, and it was only after rubbing and with an effort that I was able to open them. It was not far off the dawn, but there was none of the bright feel of dawn in the air, which was thick with a hot murkiness I can not describe. The others were still sleeping. Presently it began to grow light enough to read, so I drew out a little pocket copy of the "Ingoldsby Legends" I had brought with me, and read the "Jackdaw of Rheims." When I got to where

"A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed, and filled with water as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,"

I literally smacked my cracked lips, or rather tried to smack them. The mere thought of that pure water made me mad. If the cardinal had been there with his bell, book and candle I would have whipped in and drunk his water up, yes, even if he had already filled it with the washing suds of soap worthy of the hands of the Pope, and I knew that the whole concentrated curse of the Catholic Church should fall upon me for so doing. I almost think I must have been a little light headed with thirst and weariness and want of food; for I fell to thinking how astonished the cardinal and his nice little boy and the jackdaw would have looked to see a burned up, brown-eyed, grizzle-haired little elephant hunter suddenly bound in and put his dirty face into the basin, and swallow every drop of the precious water. The idea amused me so that I laughed, or rather cackled aloud, which woke the others up, and they began to rub their dirty faces and get their gummed-up lips and eyelids apart.

As soon as we were all well awake we fell to discussing the situation, which was serious enough. Not a drop of water was left. We turned the water bottles upside down, and licked the tops, but it was a failure, they were as dry as a bone. Good, who had charge of the bottle of brandy, got it out and looked at it longingly; but Sir Henry promptly took it away from him, for to drink raw spirit would only have been to precipitate the end.

"If we do not find water we shall die," he said.

"If we can trust to the old Don's map there should be some about," I said; but nobody seemed to derive much satisfaction from that remark. It was so evident that no great faith could be put in the map. It was now gradually growing light, and as we sat blankly staring at each other, I observed the Hottentot Ventvogel rise and begin to walk about with his eyes on the ground. Presently he stopped short, and uttering a guttural exclamation, pointed to the earth.

"What is it?" we exclaimed, and simultaneously rose and went to where he was standing pointing at the ground.

"Well," I said, "it is pretty fresh Springbok spoor; what of it?"

"Sprigbucks do not go far from water," he answered in Dutch.

"No," I answered, "I forgot; and thank God for it."

This little discovery put new life into us; it is wonderful how, when one is in a desperate position, one catches at the slightest hope, and feels almost happy in it. On a dark night a single star is better than nothing.

Meanwhile Ventvogel was lifting his snub nose, and sniffing the hot air for all the world like an old Impala ram who scents danger. Presently he spoke again.

"I smell water," he said.

Then we felt jubilant, for we knew what a wonderful instinct these wild-bred men possess.

Just at that moment the sun came up gloriously, and revealed so grand a sight to our astonished eyes that for a moment or two we even forgot our thirst.

For there, not more than forty or fifty miles from us, glittering like silver in the early rays of the morning sun, were Sheba's breasts; and stretching away for hundreds of miles on each side of them was the great Suliman Berg Now that I, sitting here, attempt to describe the extraordinary grandeur and beauty of that sight, language seems to fail me. I am impotent even before its memory. There, straight before us, were two enormous mountains, the like of which are not, I believe, to be seen in Africa, if, indeed, there are any other such inthes world, measuring each at least fifteen thousand feet in height, standing not more than a dozen miles apart, connected by a precipitous cliff of rock, and towering up in awful white solemnity straight into the sky. These mountain-standing thus, like the pillars of a gigantic gateway, are shaped exactly like a woman's breasts. Their bases swelled gently up from the plain, looking, at that distance, perfectly round and smooth, and on the top of each was a vast round hillock covered with snow exactly corresponding to the nipple on the female breast. The stretch of cliff which connected them appeared to be some thousand feet in height, and perfectly precipitous, and on each side of them, as far as the eye could reach, extended similar lines of cliff, broken only here and there by flat, table-topped mountains, something like the world-famed one at Cape Town; a formation, by the way, very common in Africa.

To describe the grandeur of the whole view is beyond my powers. There was something so inexpressibly solemn and overpowering about those huge volcanoes—for doubtless they are extinct vol canoes—that it fairly took our breath away. For awhile the morning lights played upon the snow and the brown and swelling masses beneath, and then, as though to veil the majestic sight from our curious eyes, strange mists and clouds gathered and increased around them, till presently we could only trace their pure and gigantic outlines swelling ghost-like through the fleecy envelope. Indeed, as we afterwards discovered, they were normally wrapped in this curious, gauzy mist, which doubtless accounted for our not having made them out more clearly before.

Scarcely had the mountains vanished into cloud-clad privacy before our thirst—literally a burning question—reasserted itself.

It was all very well for Ventvogel to say he smelled water, but look which way we would we could see no signs of it. So far as the eye could reach there was nothing but arid swe tering sand and karoo scrub. We walked round the hillock and gazed about anxiously on the other side but it was the same story, not a drop of water was to be seen; there was no indication of a pan, a pool, or a spring.

"You are a fool," I said, angrily, to Ventvogel; "there is no water"

But still he lifted his ugly snub nose and sniffed.

"I smell it, Bass" (master), he answered; "it is somewhere in the air."

"Yes," I said, "no doubt it is in the clouds, and about two months hence it will fall and wash our bones."

Sir Henry stroked his yellow beard thoughtfully. "Perhaps it is on the top of the hill," he suggested.

"Rot," said Good; "whoever heard of water being found on the the top of a hill!"

"Let us go and look," I put in, and hopelessly enough we scrambled up the sandy sides of the hillock, Umbopa leading. Presently he stopped as though he was petrified.

"Nanzia manzie!" (here is water), he cried with a loud voice.

We rushed up to him, and there, sure enough, in a deep cut or indentation on the very top of the sand koppie was an undoubted pool of water. How it came to be in such a strange place we did not stop to enquire, nor did we hesitate at its black and uninviting appearance. It was water, or a good imitation of it, and that was enough for us. We gave a bound and a rush and in another moment were all down on our stomachs sucking up the uninviting fluid as though it were nectar fit for the gods. Heavens, how we did drink! Then when we had done drinking we tore off our clothes and sat down in it, absorbing the moisture through our parched skins. You, my reader, who have only to turn on a couple of taps and summon "hot" and "cold" from an unseen vasty boiler, can have little idea of the luxury of that muddy wallow in that brackish tepid water.

After awhile we arose from it refreshed indeed, and fell to on our "biltong," of which we had scarcely been able to touch a mouthful for twenty-four hours and lay down by the side of that blessed pool under the overhanging shadow of the bank, and slept till midday.

All that day we rested there by the water, thanking our stars that we had been lucky enough to find it: bad as it was, and not forgetting to render a due share of gratitude to the shade of the long departed De Silvestra, who had corked it down so accurately on the tail of his shirt. The wonderful thing to us was that it should have lasted so long, and the only way that I can account for it is by the supposition that it is fed by some spring deep down in the sand.

Having filled both ourselves and our water-bottles as full as possible, in far better spirits we started off again with the moon. That night we covered nearly five-and-twenty miles, but, needless to say, found no more water, though we were lucky enough on the following day to get a little shade behind some ant-heaps. When the sun rose, and, for awhile, cleared away the mysterious mists, Suliman's Berg and the two majestic breasts, now only about twenty miles off, seemed to be towering right above us, and looked grander than ever. At the approach of evening we started on again, and, to cut a long story short, by daylight next morning found ourselves upon the lowest slopes of Sheba's left breast, for which we had been steadily steering. By this time our water was again exhausted and we were suffering severely from thirst; nor indeed could we see any chance of relieving it till we reached the snow line far, far above us. After resting an hour or two, driven to it by our torturing thirst, we went on again, toiling painfully in the burning heat up the lava slopes, we found that the huge base of the mountain was compose of lava beds belched out in some far past age.

By eleven o'clock we were utterly exhausted, and were, generally speaking, in a very bad way, indeed. The lava clinker, over which we had made our way, though comparatively smooth compared with some clinker I have heard of, such as on the Island of Ascension for instance, was yet rough enough to make our feet very sore, and this, together with our our other miseries, had pretty well finished us. A few hundred yards above us were some large lumps of lava and toward these we made with the intention of lying down beneath the shade. We reached them, and to our surprise, so far as we have a capacity for surprise left in us, on a little plateau or ridge close by we saw the lava covered with a dense green growth. Evidently soil formed from decomposed lava had rested there and in due course had become the receptacle of seeds deposited by birds. But we did not take much further interest in the green growth, for one can not live on grass like Nebuchadnezzar. That requires a special dispens tion of Providence and peculiar digestive organs. So we sat down under the rocks and groaned and I for one heartily wished that we had never started on this fool's errand. As we were sitting there I saw Umpoba get up and bobble off toward the patch of green, and a few minutes afterward, to my great astonishment, I perceived that usually uncommonly dignified individual dancing and shouting like a maniac, and waving something green. Off we all scrambled toward him as fast as our wearied limbs would carry us, hoping that he had found water.

"What is it, son of a fool?" I shouted in Zulu.

"It is food and water, Macumazahn,' and again he waved the green thing.

Then I saw what he had got. It was a melon. We had hit upon a patch of wild melons, thousands of them, and dead ripe.

"Melons!" I yelled to Good, he was next to me; and in another second he had his false teeth fixed in one.

I think we eat about six each before we had done, and, poor fruit as they were, I doubt if I ever thought anything ncer.

But melons are not very satisfying, and when we had satisfied our thirst with their pulpy substance, and set a stock to cool by the simple process of cutting them in two and setting them on end in the hot sun to get cold by evaporation, we began to feel exceedingly hungry. We had still some biltong left, but our stomachs turned from biltong, and besides we had to be very sparing of it, for we could not say when we should get more food. At this moment a lucky thing happened. Looking toward the desert I saw a flock of about ten large birds flying straight toward us

"Skit, Baas, skit!" (shoot, master, shoot), whispered the Hottentot, throwing himself on his face, an example which we all followed.

Then I saw that the birds were a flock of pauw (bustards), and that they would pass within fifty yards of my head. Taking one of the repeating Winchesters I waited till they were nearly over us, and then jumped to my feet. On seeing me the pauw bunched up together, as I expected they would, and I fired two shots straight into the thick of them, and as luck would have it, brought one down, a fine fellow, weighing about twenty pounds. In half an hour we had a fire made of dry melon stalks, and he toasting over it, and we had such a feed as we had not for a week. We eat that pauw; nothing was left of him but his bones and his beak, and felt not a little better afterward.

That night we again went on with the moon, carrying as many melons as we could with us. As we got higher up we found the air get cooler and cooler, which was a great relief to us, and at dawn, so far as we could judge, were not more than about a dozen miles from the snow line. Here we found more melons, so had no longer any anxiety about water, for we knew that we should get plenty of snow. But the ascent had now become very precipitous, and we made but slow progress, not more than a mile an hour. Also that night we eat our last morsel of biltong. As yet, with the exception of the pauw, we had seen no living thing on the mountain, nor had we come across a single spring or stream of water, which struck us as very odd, considering all the snow above us, which must, we thought, melt sometimes. But as we afterward discovered, owing to some cause, which it is quite beyond my power to explain, all the streams flowed down the north side of the mountains.

We had now began to grow very anxious about food. We had escaped death by thirst, but it seemed probable that it was only to die of hunger. The events of the next three miserable days are best descrbed by copying the entries made at the time in my note book.

21st May.—Started 11 a. m., finding the atmosphere quite cold enough to travel by day, carrying some water melons with us. Struggled on all day but saw no more melons, having, evidently, passed out of their district. Saw no game of any sort. Halted for the night at sundown, had no food for many hours. Suffered much during the night from cold.

22d.—Started at sunrise again, feeling very faint and weak. Only made five miles all day; found some patches of snow, of which we eat, but nothing else. Camped at night under the edge of a platue. Cold bitter. Drank a little brandy each, and huddled ourselves together, each wrapped up in our blanket to keep ourselves alive. Are now suffering frightfully from starvation and weariness. Thought that Ventvogel would have died during the night.

23d—Struggled forward as soon as the sun was well up, and had thawed our limbs a little. We are now in a dreadful plight, and I fear that unless we get food this will be our last day's journey. But little brandy left. Good, Sir Henry and Umbopa bear up wonderful, but Ventvogel is in a very bad way. Like most Hottentots, he cannot stand cold. Pangs of hunger not so bad, but have a sort of numb feeling about the stomach. Others say the same. We are now on a level with the percipitous chain or wall of lava, connecting the two breasts, and the view is glorious. Behind us the great glowing desert rolls away to the horizon, and before us lies mile upon mile of smooth hard snow almost level, but swelling gently upward, out of the center of which the nipple of the mountain, which appears to be some miles in circumference, rises about four thousand feet into the sky. Not a living thing is to be seen. God help us, I fear our time has come.

And now I will drop the journal, partly because it is not very interesting reading, and partly because what follows requires perhaps rather more accurate telling.

All that day (the 23d May) we struggled slowly on up the incline of snow, lying down from time to time to rest. A trange, gaunt crew we must have looked, as, laden as we were, we dragged our weary feet over the dazzling plain, glaring round us with hungry eyes. Not that there was much use in glaring, for there was nothing to eat. We did not do more than seven miles that day. Just before sunset we found ourselves right under the nipple of Sheba's left breast, which towered up thousands of feet into the air above us, a vast, smooth hillock of frozen snow. Bad as we felt we could not but appreciate the wonderful scene, made even more wonderfnl by the flying rays of light from the setting sun, which here and there stained the snow blood-red, and crowned the towering mass above us with a diadem of glory.

"I say," gasped Good, presently, "we ought to be somewhere near the cave the old gentleman wrote about."

"Yes," said I, "if there is a cave."

"Come, Quaterman," groaned Sir Henry, "don't talk like that; I have every faith in the Don; remember the water. We shall find the place soon."

"If we don't find it before dark we are dead men, that is all about it," was my consolatory reply.

For the next ten minutes we trudged on in silence, when suddenly Umbopa, who was marching along beside me wrapped up in his blanket, and with a leather belt strapped so tight round his stomach to "make his hunger small," as he said, that his waist looked like a girl's, caught me by the arm.

"Look!" he said, pointing toward the springing slope of the nipple.

I followed his glance, and preceived some two hundred yards from us what appeared to be a hole in the snow.

"It is the cave," said Umbopa.

We made the best of our way to the spot, and found sure enough that the hole was the mouth of a cave, no doubt the same as that of which Da Silvestra wrote. We were none to soon, for just as we reached the shelter the sun went down with startling rapidity, leaving the whole place nearly dark. In these latitudes there is but little twilight. We crept into the cave, which did not appear to be very big, aud huddling ourselves together for warmth, swallowed what remained of our brandy—barely a mouthful each—and tried to forget our miseries in sleep. But this the cold was too intense to allow us to do. I am convinced that at that great altitude the thermometer can not have been less than fourteen or fifteen degrees below freezing point. What this meant to us, enervated as we were by hardship, want of food, and the great heat of the desert, my reader can imagine better than I describe. Suffice it to say that it was something as near death from exposure as I have ever felt. There we sat hour after hour through the bitter night feeling the frost wander round and nip us now in the finger, now in the foot, and now in the face. In vain did we huddle up closer and closer; there was no warmth in our miserable carcasses. Sometimes one of us would drop into an uneasy slumber for a few minutes, but we could not sleep long, and perhaps it was fortunate, for I doubt if we should ever have woke again. I believe it was only by force of will that we kept ourselves alive at all.

Not very long before dawn I heard the Hottentot Ventvogel, whose teeth had been chattering all night like castanets, give a deep sigh, and then, his teeth stopped chattering. I did not think anything of it at the time, concluding that he had gone to sleep. His back resting against mine, and it seemed to grow colder and colder, till at last it was like ice.

At length the air began to grow gray with light, then swift golden arrows came flashing across the snow, and at last the glorious sun peeped up above the lava wall and looked in upon our half frozen forms and upon Ventvogel, sitting there amongst us stone dead. No wonder his back had felt cold, poor fellow. He had died when I heard him sigh, and was now almost frozen stiff. Shocked beyond measure we dragged ourselves from the corpse (strange the horror we all have of the companionship of a dead body), and left it still sitting there, with its arms clasped about its knees.

By this time the sunlight was pouring its cold rays (for here they were cold) straight in at the mouth of the cave. Suddenly I heard an exclamatiou of fear from some one, and turned my head down the cave.

And this was what I saw. Sitting at the end, for it was not more than twenty feet long, was another form, of which the head rested on the chest and the long arms hung down. I stared at it, and saw that it too was a dead man, and more a white man.

The others saw it too, and the sight proved too much for our shattered nerves. One and all we scrambled out of the cave as fast as our half frozen limbs would allow.

CHAPTER VII.

SOLOMON'S ROAD.

Outside the cave we halted, feeling rather foolish.

"I am going back," said Sir Henry.

"Why?" asked Good.

"Because it has struck me that—what we saw—may be my brother."

This was a new idea, and we re-entered the cave to put it to the proof. After the bright light outside our eyes, weak as they were with staring at the snow, could not for awhile pierce the gloom of the cave. Presently, however, we grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, and advanced on the dead form.

Sir Henry knelt down and peered into its face.

"Thank God," he said, with a sigh of relief, "it is not my brother."

Then I went and looked. The corpse was that of a tall man in middle life with aquiline features, grizzled hair, and a long black mustache. The skin was perfectly yellow, and stretched tightly over the bones. Its clothing, with the exception of what seemed to be the remains of a pair of woolen hose, had been removed, leaving the skeleton-like frame naked. Round the neck hung a yellow ivory crucifix. The corpse was frozen perfectly stiff.

"Who on the earth can it be?" said I.

"Can't you guess" asked Good.

I shook my head.

"Why, the old Don, Jose da Silvertra, of course—who else?"

"Impossible," I gasped, "he died three hundred years ago."

"And what is there to prevent his lasting for three thousand years in this atmosphere I should like to know?" asked Good. "If only the air is cold enough, flesh and blood will keep as fresh as New Zealand mutton forever, and Heaven knows it is cold enough here. The sun never gets in here; no animal comes here to tear or destroy. No doubt his slave, of whom he speaks on the map, took off his clothes and left him. He could not have buried him alone. Look here," he went on, stooping down and picking up a queer-shaped bone scraped at the end into a sharp point, "here is the 'cleft-bone' that he used to draw the map with."

We gazed astonished for a moment, forgetting our own miseries in this extraordinary and, as it seemed to us, semi-miraculous sight.

"Ay," said Sir Henry, "and here is where he got his ink from," and he pointed to a small wound on the dead man's left arm. "Did ever man see such a thing before?"

There was no longer any doubt about the matter, which I confess for my own part perfectly appalled me. There he sat, the dead man whose directions, written some ten generations ago, had led us to this spot. There in my own hand was the rude pen with which he had written them, and there round his neck was the crucifix his dying lips had kissed. Gazing at him my imagination could reconstru t the whole scene, the traveler dying of cold and starvation, and yet striving to convey the great secret he had discovered to the world—the awful loneliness of his death, of which the evidence sat before us. It even seemed to me that I could trace in his strongly marked features a likeness to those of my poor friend Silvestre, his descendant, who had died twenty years ago in my arms, but perhaps that was fancy. At any rate there he sat, a sad memento of the fate that so often overtakes those who would penetrate into the unknown; and there probably he will still sit, crowned with the dread majesty of death, for centuries yet unborn, to startle the eyes of wanderers like ourselves, if any such should ever come to invade his loneliness. The thing overpowered us, already nearly done to death as we were with cold and hunger.

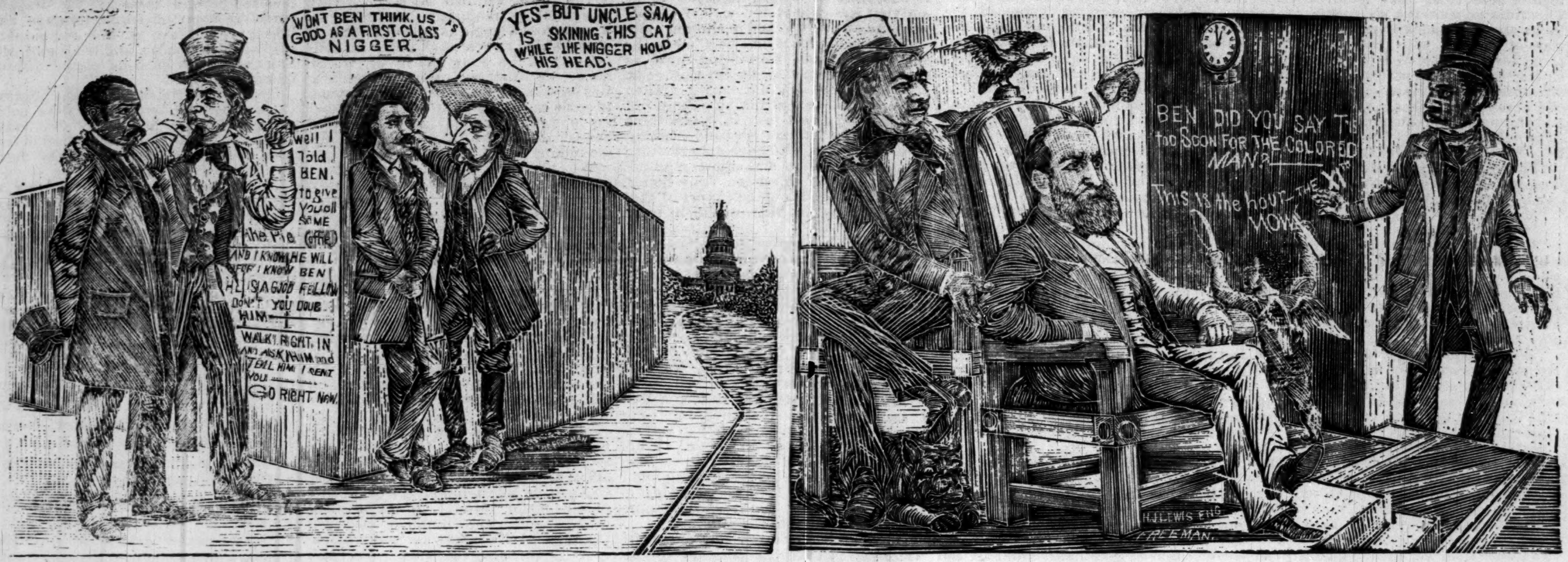
"Let us go," said Sir Henry in a low voice, "stay we will give him a companion, and lifting up the dead body of the Hottentot Ventvogel, he placed it near that of the old Don. Then he stooped down, and with a jerk broke the rotten string of the crucifix round his neck, for his fingers were too cold to attempt to unfasten it. I believe that he still has it. I took the pen, and it is before me as I write—sometimes I sign my name with it.

Then leaving those two, the proud white man of a past age, and the poor Hottentot, to keep their eternal vigil in the midst of the eternal snows, we crept out of the cave into the welcome sunshine and resumed our path, wondering in our hearts how many hours it would be before we were even as they are.

Continued next week.

Some interesting figures showing the tendency of Massachusetts on the question of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors were submitted to the Legislature Tuesday by the Secretary of State. In 1886 out of 349 cities and towns only 74, or 21 per cent. voted to grant licenses. The popular majority against license showed 50.9 per cent. of the people of the State to be in favor of the policy of prohibition. In 1887, with the same number of cities and towns, 63 voted yea. The majority against license had become 51,58 per cent. of the total. The total vote was 16.6 per cent. greater than in 1886. In 1887, when the number of cities and towns was 351, 85, or 22 per cent. voted yea. The total vote increased 2.5 per cent. in this year and 53.45 per cent. was in favor of license.

Ed. Kelley, a criminal on trial at St. Louis, while court was in session and after it was agreed to inflict a ten years' sentence, violently assaulted his attorney, striking him in the face and injuring him severely. The attack cost Kelly five years' liberty, as the sentence was increased to fifteen years.



THE RACE PROBLEM AGAIN.

Anent the discussion as to what degree and to what extent the incoming administration will recognize the contingent vote, our artist presents his version of the case. He don't believe in delays. He thinks they are dang erous (delays). He doesn't think it too soon for the Negro to have a place in the Cabin(et) or any other part of the ship of State. He figures at it, and here are his figures. The Negro vote constitutes about one-fourth of the entire vote of the Republican party, and consequently, should have one-fourth of the spoils (offices), not on ccount of color, but because of political services and because it is right. He does not like to see first class colored men put off while third rate people of other races are rewarded.

RACE GLEANINGS

It is reported that the Philadelphia Sentinel is to be removed to Boston, and managed by Mr. J. Gordon Street, a writer of more than ordinary ability.

Mr. W. J. Emory, of Philadelphia, is acquiring fame as an accomplished tenor vocalist. He is a mere boy in years, but is deemed a worthy successor of Wallace King.

Ex-cadet Whittaker, whose West Point experiences made his name a household word, is now a lawyer in South Carolina. He considers Richard T. Greener the brainiest colored man in the country.

As an introduction to a pedestrian exhibition at San Francisco, it has been arranged that John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson indulge in a four round set-to with gloves. The opening will occur about Feb. 21.

James H. Jones, colored, of Raleigh, N. C., who was Mr. Jefferson Davis' body servant while the latter was president of the Southern Confederacy, wrote him a letter some weeks ago expressive of his high regard. Mr. Jones is now an alderman of Raleigh.

The New York branch of the Knights of Pythias gave its grand annual reception at Adelphi Hall on the 18th. The officers were installed amid gorgeous ceremonies, and a most enjoyable banquet followed. Many of New York's most prominent colored citizens were in attendance.

The race question has again caused trouble at West Point. A cadet captain in assigning places in the mess hall, gave a colored student a place at the table of honor, to which his scholarship entitled him. This made trouble, some of the cadets thinking the distinction too great for a colored student, and he was changed to a lower table. This made still more trouble. Evidently snobbery has a deep growth at West Point.

Among the students of the Maryland University law school are two colored pupils, Charles W. Johnson and Harry S. Cummings. The class was recently invited to attend a performance at Ford's Opera House, but the colored men were refused seats in the parquet and were asked to accept accommodation in the gallery. They resented the insult and left the theater. A damage suit is probable.

THE DRIFT OF SENTIMENT

If the Republican party solves the problem of Negro suffrage at the South it will have accomplished a task second in magnitude only to the emancipation of the slave. General Harrison, we believe, will try to solve it.—Albany Journal.

The same fiendishness, now being exercised upon the Negro in the South will some day turn and wreak itself upon the white man. In the South it will be Negro-hunters and lynchers, and in the North it will be Anarchists and Whitecaps.—St. Louis Advance.

"Give us a rest" on race wars and riots between whites and blacks. These sensational newspaper reports are doing more damage to the South, than all the immigration conventions combined are doing good. Every little "scrap" between a white man and a colored man is not a race war.—Memphis, (Tenn.), Free Speech.

The white people of the South do not need any aid in any possible hostility, or any real friendship to the colored people placed in their midst. On the contrary, every interference under any pretense, by whatever name and under whatever authority, can only work delay and temporary harm. The race question must be eliminated from national politics.—Senator W. C. P. Breckenridge.

"I protest against calling this a Negro problem. The question is not so much the Negro, but the nation. The solemn question is this: Whether the American people, under the influence of their civilization, their Christianity, extending over hundreds of years, have virtue enough to adjust the Constitution of the country to what it pledges to all men alike, a free exercise of cttizenship."—Frederick Douglass.

What the Negro wants is not bayonets, not new laws, but the enforcement of existing law, and to have this there must be at the center of power, in close relationship to the President, a man of Southern birth in close sympatny with the struggles of the race and with firm convictions of its future elevation and development drawn from actual observation of his past and present condition.—Chattanooga Justice.

You are scarcely ten feet in a big city without butting against a Prof. or a D. D. The Prof. couldn't tell you how to run a coal stove when the weather is below zero, while he is full of abstract propositions which are so, because. The D. D. quotes Shakespeare for the Bible and vaunts the fact that he was called, not educated to preach. You at once concede the last and doubt the first.—Plaindealer.

The Negro of to-day must start afresh and equip himself with the learning and qualities which are required of others if he wants to succeed. Skill and trustworthiness are the two indispensible qualifications for occupations of all all sorts, and those must be attained and cultivated in the first degree if he would stand the competition that is constantly being made keener and brought to a higher standard of required excellence.—N. Y. Sun.

Every strong party man thinks everything would go right if everybody would agree with him on political questions. Every very zealous religionist deplores that all persons will not be members of his sect. But one who looks upon these questions with an unprejudiced eye perceives that it would not be well for all people to be of one way of thinking in regard to either politics or religion. Diversity of opinion is not only unavoidable from the constitution of the human mind, but is essential to progress and improvement.—Atlanta, (Ga.), Sunny South.

PERSONAL

Ex-senator B. K. Bruce is lecturing in Kansas on the "Race Problem."

Hon. John M. Langston will head a delegation to visit General Harrison early in February.

Mrs. Lizzie Pugh-Dugan the famous Indianapolis prima-donna, is booked for an early appearance in Chicago.

Hon J. Willis Menard editor of the Jacksonville, Fla. Southern Leader, is in Washington, D. C., this week.

Mr. A. H. Grimke of Hyde Park, Mass., has been appointed by President Cleveland as consul to San Domingo to succeed H. C. Castwood, recently dismissed.

Mr. J. W. W. Wormley, for many many years a county justice of the peace of Alexandria county, Virginia, has been appointed U. S. Commissioner for the Eastern district of Virginia.

Dr. A. P. Holly, of Hayti, lectured last week in Boston on the "Haytien Negro." The Doctor is a thoroughly educated gentleman having graduated with distinction from the University of Cambridge, England.

Major C. A. Fleetwood, of Washington, D. C., will be tendered a grand testimonial by the citizens of that place on the 15th of February at the Metropolitan A. M. E. church. Dr. F. Shadd, Prof. J. F. Layton, Geo. M. Arnold and R. W. Thompkins are prominent member of the benefit committee.

THE PALACE.

At the cosy Shoe Store, 93 Massachusetts Ave. can be found the Finest, the Neatest and at the same time the Cheapest Mens', Ladies and Childrens Shoes in the City. Everything first-class.

By the grea efforts of the genial proprietor, Mr. Lewis Harmayer to give satisfaction this establishment sprung into prominence like mgic, anda is known as the great center for bargains. Give him a eall.

Ryder's No. 10 is the finest 10 cent cigar in the city. Ask your druggist for it.

THE BEST NEGRO JOURNAL.

What the Leading Newspapers of the Country Say and Think of the Freeman.

The Indianapolis Journal says:

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of colored people is The Freeman, of this city. No other paper that we know of is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are excellently well conceived and executed.

Justice, Chattanooga, Tenn., says:

The Freeman, published at Indianapolis by the indefa igable never-to-be-discouraged Edward E. Cooper, has made a remarkable forward move. It is now an illustrated weekly and will undoubtedly succeed. It was always our opinion that if we should made our race journals just as good as papers conducted by white men, then our race papers would succeed. Mr. Cooper is solving that problem with success. Fertile in conception, a master of resources, we feel that Mr. Cooper will make his venture a success. To make it succeed we call on our friends to subscribe for the only "picture" paper published by colored men. One copy of the last issue is worth a year's subscription. A copy is on file in our office, and we will with pleasure take names and subscriptions. Mr. E. E. Cooper makes a capital editor. He is bright, quick, discriminating, sagacious, indefatigable and never "slops over." Industry is one of the great secrets of success, and wins in journalism as in other lines. We again wish success.

The Philadelphia Sentinel says:

The initial pictorial journal of the race in the United States, so far as is known, has just been issued by Mr. Edward E. Cooper, a widely known Indiana newspaper man, who for the last two years has been the proprietor and editor of The Freeman, a strong and independent sheet published in Indianapolis. The paper has been made into an illustrated paper, with the same name The Freeman. The following mention of it is clipped from the Boston Morning Herald of the 17th inst.:

"It is a six column eight-page sheet. On the first page there is an engraving representing the colored Americans passing from slavery to emancipation. The central figure is that of Abraham Lincoln unloosening the shackles from the limbs of the slaves. An excellen likeness of the Hon. Frederick Douglass adorns one page, and scenes from his life are given as follows: Mrs. Auld, his Mistress' daughter, teaching him to read; his first escape from slavery; found in the woods by his old friend "Sandy"; capture and imprisonment in jail; second escape and an encounter with a mob in Indiana; Marshall at President Garfield's administration; revisit to his old home in Maryland; his present home in Anacostia. There are other features in the paper which make it a most valuable journal for both white and black Americans who wish to keep themselves posted as to the progress of the race in all the departments of life." It is to be hoped that our people in Boston will take an interest in, and become subscribers for The Freeman. The subscription is $2.50 per year, and $1.35 for six months. It is well worth twice the amount, and we feel sure that after they have seen it once, they will wish to have it constantly in their homes. It is published weekly.

The Dallas, Texas, Enterprise, has this to say:

The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., in its new dress, as a weekly illustrrated paper is before us and if it maintains its present standard of excellence, will surpass all efforts heretofore made by colored journalists. We wish it a long and prosperous career.

The following is from the Washington Bee:

We have just received Vol. I. No. XXI, of The Indianapolis Freeman, Edward E. Cooper, editor. It is one of the finest journals published in this country. It contains a fine portrait of W. Allison Sweeney, the silver tongued orator of the West, and a sketch from him of eminent authors. We congratulate our friend on the fine appearance of The Freeman.

Chatanooga Daily Times says:

We have been shown a copy of The Indianapolis Freeman, of January 5, as a specimen of improved and creditable Negro journalism. The issue is upon heavy tinted paper, is handsomely printed and artistically illustrated. The front page bears a well executed portrait of E. F. Horn, of this city, the fourth has on it a portrait of John J. Irvine, our Circuit Court Clerk, and two other prominent colored men. On the fifth page are portraits of colored women who have creditably acquitted themselves in literature and journalism. There are articles by Horn on Southern political and material progress, several sketches of prominent colored men, a liberal supply of general reading, all well prepared or selected with good judgment. The publisher's ambition is to show what an honest, capable, industrious Negro can achieve by attending to business; and this line of newspaper work by and for colored people cannot be too highly commended. We present The Freeman as a pattern to colored men who embark in the newspaper field. Let them encourage the higher business and social instincts of their people and make politics secondary, or let it alone entirely. Merit will finally make its way; brains and honesty, as well as blood, will tell. The Negro will attain the full standard of high manhood chiefly through his own exertions, and once he reaches it no power in the world can make him less than he is, or deprive him of the rights and privileges he is capable of comprehending and using well and wisely.

Huntsville Gazette says:

The current issue of The Freeman, the only illustrated colored newspaper of the world, is highly creditable to its proprietor, Edward E. Cooper, and a gratification to the growing spirit of race pride among colored Americans. It is adorned with portraits of some of our literary colored women and also of Edwin F. Horn, the talented editor of Justice of Chatanooga and John J. Irvine, Clerk of Circuit Court, Chatanooga, Tenn., who is also distinguished as a machinist.

The Freeman is published at Indianapolis, Ind. Subscription price $2.40 a year $1,35 six months, and is well worth the money.

THE FREEMAN

can be purchased at all newstands and news depots. Enquire for it, and notify us when you cannot find it.

Colored Artists Wanted

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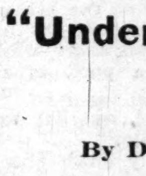

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